THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIV | New York, Wednesday, June 3, 1931 | Number 5

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Father of the Poor 113
Week by Week 114
Sweet Auburn 117
Quandaries of Capitalism ..... T. O'R. Boyle 119
Idleness of the Better Sort ..... Fred Smith 121
Senate and President ..... William C. Murphy, jr. 123
To One Bound on a Pilgrimage (*verse*) ..... Kenton Kilmer 124
Places and Persons ..... Anna Kelly 125
For the Elect ..... John B. McDonald 126
Achill Girl's Song (*verse*) ..... Padraic Colum 128
Hilltop in May ..... Robert Sparks Walker 129
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 130
Communications 131
Books ..... Boyd-Carpenter, George N. Shuster, Richard J. Purcell, John A. Ryan, William Franklin Sands, John A. Lapp 134

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

FATHER OF THE POOR

WHEN we said last week that the Pope's world-wide radio message concerning his forthcoming encyclical on economic reform was a "call to Catholic action," we believed—and still believe—that we did not overestimate the momentous gravity of the Holy Father's words. Now that the complete text of the encyclical is before the world, it is evident that we underestimated rather than exaggerated the importance, the immediacy, the urgency, of the Holy Father's summons to his flock. The fact that the encyclical, by a strangely significant coincidence, was published in the press on Pentecost Sunday, must deeply move all Catholic souls. It is as if the reading of the long, closely reasoned, logical document were accompanied by the chanting of the liturgy of Whitsunday, especially of the Introit of the Mass: "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole earth, Alleluia, and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice . . . " Or, the even more appropriate words of the Sequence:

"Holy Spirit! Lord of Light
From Thy clear, celestial height,
  Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou Father of the poor;
Come, with treasures which endure;
  Come, Thou Light of all that live.

"Heal our wounds—our strength renew.
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
  Wash our stains of guilt away.
Bend the stubborn heart and will:
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
  Guide the steps that go astray."

For it is indeed the voice of the Church, which is the voice of God, that through the words of Pope Pius, momentarily at least, fills the whole earth. And in a very real sense, it is the voice of the Father of the Poor that speaks. Over and over again, with a solemn, simple tenderness more moving than the most passionate rhetoric could be, the voice pleads for the humble multitudes of the toilers of the world. Calmly, yet inexorably, those who are mainly responsible for the frightful evils that afflict the poor are arraigned before the high court of eternal justice, on behalf of "working men, surrendered, isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition." Every word of the encyclical, summing up and advancing further the teachings of Leo XIII

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his successors, is, in the words of Pius, uttered "particularly in defense of the poor and of the weak."

We believe that the fundamental fact of this challenge to the whole world to do justice, and laying down the immutable principles of that justice—the fact that it is based upon charity, upon love itself, should first be appreciated and assimilated, so that all efforts to form and apply practical programs of action shall move in the right direction, which is the direction clearly and unmistakably pointed out by the Pope.

That all economic problems, and their attempted solutions, whether for good or for bad, are inescapably rooted in moral and spiritual causes, is now plainly recognized by all except those committed without any reservations to the full doctrine of godless materialism. Scores of the most prominent leaders of American industry and finance, nearly all of whom are not Catholics, and perhaps have never given conscious consideration to Leo XIII—though many will now at least consider what Pius XI says—have pointed out that moral and ethical causes are really at the bottom of the economic misery of society, such things as greed, and dishonesty, and cruel selfishness, and lying. It was a Catholic, to be sure, but he was speaking simply as a business man outraged by the hypocrisy of certain other business men, who in the person of Mr. James A. Farrell, head of the greatest of steel companies, at the recent meeting of the Steel Institute, exposed the wage-cutting and price-cutting tactics prevalent in that industry in face of assurances given that such tactics should not be pursued. But, as we have already stated, most of the important criticisms of the moral faults and failures of the dominant capitalist system have come from those who are not members of the Church.

Is there not in this very fact a proof of one sorrowful statement of the Holy Father, and a clear indication of one practical step of immense importance that might be taken by Catholics in answer to the invitation of the Pope? We refer to what the Holy Father says about the almost complete failure of the Catholic leaders of industry to form associations or groups to study and apply Catholic principles of economy, in collaboration with the Catholic associations of working men. The Pope goes on to say that he hails "with deep joy of soul, certain experiments, far from negligible, which have been made in this regard, for the future." Where could such an experiment be more fitly made than in the United States, where we have so many Catholic "captains of industry"—men who in many ways have displayed splendid generosity in civic and religious affairs, men whose influence is enormous? What an inspiration it would be if some such group as the Knights of Malta, those eminent industrial leaders honored by the Church for their charity, should give group consideration to the problem of how to apply the Pope's program in practical action! Their proven capacity for leadership would gain full play in that great crusade of justice to which the leader of all Christendom summons rich and poor, capitalist and worker, priest and layman alike to take their places. Such a development would be a demonstration of the practical acceptance of the social obligations of Catholicism. This step far from sums up the program which the Pope lays before the world—and we shall take up many other points in future issues—but we single this out now because we can think of no more positive proof that American Catholics could offer that they are practical Catholics, bringing to the aid of our threatened civilization their coöperation with all other constructive forces working for the common good.

WEEK BY WEEK

IF ANYTHING has been made clear by the past week of international conferences, it is that Soviet Russia has scored several points while the United States has lost as many. The League, to begin with. This estimable body, which shivered noticeably with apprehension lest its chief publicity-getter, Aristide Briand, was headed for retirement, deftly shunted its burning issues to the World Court and settled down to consider two plans for world reconstruction. The first, Pan-Europa in outline, is as yet too nebulous to serve any useful purpose; and until the willingness of the French to extend credits has been scrutinized, no clear results can be foreseen. It was the second which made the deepest impression—Litvinoff's plea for an economic non-aggression pact. This, in the theory of its advocate, would do for the world of commerce what the Kellogg treaties have done for the forces of diplomacy. It has the advantage of costing nothing and sounding very pretty. But just as the significance of the Kellogg action really lay in the fact that America emerged from isolation to place its strength behind a point of view, so the Litvinoff address is important because it is the international representative of Russia. Whether or not the "proposal" can be accepted at its face value is another question. We gravely doubt it. Nevertheless one thinks that the Russians are really anxious not to be excluded if any Pan-Europa pops out of the Genevan hat.

International Inaction

ALL OF which occurred while Mr. Hoover was counseling disarmament and Senator Reed was telling folks in Pennsylvania that Moscow would soon come to a horrible end. Nor would there have been much lost if Mr. S. R. McKelvie's remarks at the London grain conference had been devoted to the Einstein theory or golf. Again Russia scored a point. It advocated fixing quotas, reminded everybody of how much wheat the czarist régime had exported, and refused to predict what the price of a bushel would be. Naturally this proposal ran counter to the wishes of overseas producers. In all likelihood the dominion wheat countries will react by establishing quotas of their own within

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the empire. But the Russian idea caught fire on the Continent, where agrarian countries would like nothing better than a fixed export quota. Meanwhile the United States was bound to its single, fixed idea: limitation of the acreage devoted to grain. There is a good deal in this idea, which has the sole disadvantage of never having been put into practice even in the country of its origin. Inevitably it sounded to the harassed delegates to the London conference like something out of Thomas More, and everybody went home convinced that Washington is determined to go right ahead with its siesta. This last impression is not merely bad for capitalism. It is exceedingly threatening to what remains of the world's economic sanity.

War Clouds

WITH the constant talk in the public press today of armaments and disarmaments, and of technological improvements in fighting machines, the layman is taking an interest in matters that before were considered exclusively the province of experts. For one thing, the layman of today is the fighting man of tomorrow, if war does take place. Since professional armies no longer carry on the fighting, but the entire populations of countries, there has been an inevitable democratizing of the military world, formerly a most exclusive and often autocratic caste. What remains of this military nucleus has grown more and more dependent on a democratic appeal to the sentiments of the people as a whole, in order to enlist the willingness of these to contribute to the sinews of war. The recent air maneuvers were an example of the attempts which are now consciously made to sell the army and navy to the public. Anyone who witnessed those clouds of multi-miles-a-minute destructive agents in the sky over his head, must have felt indeed a kind of helplessness, or hopelessness, at the prospect of another war. The solid buildings round him suddenly appeared in all their fragility, should a bomb strike them. His own body, the bodies around him, what soft, crushable things! Evolution, what a fantasy! As a conception of life uncontrolled and uncontrollable by a higher, free power of spirit, what a soulless, mechanical, destructive Frankenstein! Then the airplanes pass, the nightmare passes, the strained, fascinated, admiring and yet horrified fixation of attention on the war machines passes, and one is suddenly conscious of the normal perspective of myriads of people going peacefully about their great diversity of pursuits.

Death of Justin McGrath

CATHOLIC journalism has suffered a heavy loss in the sudden death of Justin McGrath, the organizer and for eleven years the director of the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and newspaper life in general has reason to mourn his passing, for from San Francisco to New York—but especially in Washington—he had been for forty years a prominent and important figure. He brought to Catholic journalism an experience gained upon such great dailies as the St. Louis *Post-Despatch*, the New York *Times*, and the San Francisco *Examiner*, while in Washington he was for many years in charge of the news service of the Hearst newspapers. A man of exceptionally wide culture, conservative and well-balanced in judgment, and keenly conscious at all times of the ethical responsibilities of the journalist, he was ideally competent to launch and maintain the most useful and important development of Catholic newspapers made during the last half-century, which was the international news service inaugurated by the bishops of the Church in the United States, which has proven itself to be the backbone of the diocesan weeklies. Personally, he was a charming and courteous gentleman. It is to be hoped, and fully to be expected, that the great work which he guided so ably, will be perpetuated along the sound professional lines which he laid down so competently. It will be his best memorial.

The Faith in Africa

AN AFRICAN traveler whom we recently had occasion to notice was Mr. William Seabrook whose book, "Jungle Ways," detailing the author's experiments in cannibalism and devil worship, we reviewed with emphatic disgust in these columns a few weeks ago. A wholesome and restorative reminder now comes that there is another approach to degenerate savagery possible besides that of a man willing to decivilize and dechristianize himself for the sake of a new sensation: there is also the approach of those who devote their lives to illuminating and reclaiming it by planting in the darkest parts of the Dark Continent the seeds of civilization and Christianity. A group of the English Franciscan nuns who work in Uganda, British East Africa, is in New York at present, seeking help in clearing their novitiate of debt, and in enlarging the scope of their mission activities. This order has had unusual history, as a prelude to its present adventurous and hazardous struggle to "widen the skirt of light" on the edge of the African jungle. Beginning in England about seventy years ago, as an Anglican community, they adopted their present rule and mission after a corporate conversion. Forty sisters are in training in Yorkshire at present, and in Uganda itself there is a community of twenty white sisters and some hundred native members. The latter, incidentally, now conduct unaided (save by government assistance in venereal cases) the work of the nineteen "maternity hospitals" established at 500-mile intervals throughout the country; though these structures are often only grass huts, they are run so efficiently as already to be cutting down the rate of infant mortality which has sometimes reached the appalling figure of 50 percent.

THE WORK of conversion, which is, of course, the prime object of the mission, is promising and disheartening by turns. The native children, on whom the Sisters place their chief reliance, are docile and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lovable. But as practically all of them have heathen parents, they are frequently reclaimed to a dreadful kind of barbarism before their religion strikes any sort of root. The one effective means to combat this—the virtual adoption of the little ones until they have "grown" into Christianity—is still beyond the financial powers of the order. That touch of evil magic which seems never absent from stories of Africa, appears in the testimony of the Sisters that often a child who has been "sold, body and soul" (a favorite spiritual device, if one may use the word, for placating the dominant demon) "finds it a physical impossibility to raise its arms to make the sign of the cross." Even among older catechumens, relapses into the prevailing animism, serpent worship, witchcraft and devil propitiation, are still common. If ever God's work was being done, surely it is by the daughters of Francis among these benighted and forlorn "other sheep." May it be speeded by those of us who are able to combine material charity with the pity and zeal which their recital must arouse in Catholic hearts.

In Regard to Morons

IT WOULD be a gain for both humanity and science if the word "moron" could be dropped for a while—at least, until its users, including psychologists, decide what it really means. It began as a scientific designation for certain congenitally deficient types; it now seems to be widely and vaguely applied, as a term of condescension or impatience or mere social contempt, to all sorts of poor human material. People who are dull, people who do not take kindly to book learning, people who cannot formulate their thoughts easily or who shirk responsibility or manage their affairs with difficulty—all are certain to be called "morons" sooner or later, if they come within the purview of the usual sociologist or psychologist. This is perhaps natural enough. More of these types do come under official scrutiny right along, as industrial civilization destroys more and more stabilizing traditions, and uproots more and more individuals from their little plots of security; and a harried classifier, working for the courts, the welfare societies or the prisons, may well yield to the temptation of labeling the increasing number of misfits, unplaceables and incorrigibles, with the only single word that comes to hand. But we shall hold this to be unscientific, until (1) it is proved that the majority of the admittedly non-moronic could have survived the environmental handicaps of these "morons" more successfully; or until (2) educators of admittedly normal children are agreed on the value of IQ tests as the final determinant of that moral cohesion which is the real sign of normality.

THE WHOLE question is brought sharply to mind by the appearance of Eleanor Rowland Wembridge's much-talked-of and important book titled (somewhat misleadingly) "Life among the Lowbrows." Mrs. Wembridge is a sensitive and human human being whose experiences as psychologist at the Bedford Reformatory for Women and the Women's Protective Association of Cleveland, have not made her either tyrannical or doctrinaire, and any lacks that appear in her attitude may thus be fairly construed as significant. Now, nothing is more striking in this volume than the faith which she displays in the formalized tests which she puts to her subjects, as a matter of course; and nothing is more unconsciously illuminating than her story of a "moron" social outcast (a girl) who was cured of indecorum by a dose of the most arbitrary and unbending Victorianism. In regard to the first, it is clear to the ordinary normal layman that he himself would probably come off with scant credit from Mrs. Wembridge's tests; promptness and articulateness are not true gauges of normality at any time, and to be required to prove one's normality by abstracting and defining irrelevancies while one is suffering anxiety or defiance under arrest, strikes him as simply weird. In regard to the second—the "moron" who was salvaged, seemingly, by blind conventionality—does the author not see what she is really proving? She is proving that "morons" are, in the main (if Jenny is typical), no more moronic than we fortunates. They may be weaker and sillier, but to prove their essential soundness, they need only what we got: support from a stable social order until they can grow their own moral integument against the acrid solvent of modern life. They need ideals—they need a moral atmosphere larger than that of their own personal appetites. Jenny was not demonstrating her deficiency by responding to what was rigid and conventional; she was demonstrating her normality by responding to what was decent and just, even though she first encountered it in a rigid and conventional mold.

The Ukrainians

MOST of us have been rather hard pressed lately, but it is doubtful if the lot of any other people on earth compares for desolateness and misery to that of the Ukrainians. As is relatively well known, this people—whose racial title is properly the Ruthenians—now lives partly in Russia and partly in Poland. The extremely unsettled character of eastern Europe today, where nationalism is on a rampage and dictatorships arrive at similar conclusions however different their initial assumptions may be, is nowhere better reflected than in the treatment accorded these folk. Unwillingly absorbed into the Soviet Republic, the Ukrainian peasants are virtually so many dummies on which Communist officials practise their finest flying tackles. In Poland unlimited ferocity has characterized government efforts to stamp out Ukrainian autonomy, despite the rights explicitly accorded this minority under League auspices. The problem in Galicia has now assumed proportions which fairly rival the condition of the Irish in the worst days of British rule. One of the most deplorable results is a religious embitter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment which everyone interested in Christian unification and pacification must regret. Unfortunately little or nothing can be done at present to improve the situation. Public opinion has as yet virtually no rôle on the European frontier; and more can be done today for the pygmies or the Liberians than for this, one of the great Christian peoples.

THERE is, however, a sense in which all of us can aid. In an interesting brochure Mr. W. L. Scott, of Ottowa, Canada, calls attention to the fact that between a quarter and a half million Ukrainian immigrants now live in his country. "The very great majority of these are Catholics, or were so when they reached our shores," he tells us. Now unfortunately far fewer of them can be claimed for the Church—probably not more than 40 percent. Mr. Scott pleads for a lenient view of this defection and enumerates the principal causes making for laxity: the difference between the Ruthenian rite and the Latin form, which the Ukrainian peasant has tended to consider Polish and therefore hostile; dearth of priests or active leaders; and the appeals of several kinds made by Protestant missionaries, or Bolshevist emissaries. Possibly the work of the second group has been more effective than that of the first; for the 1930 report of the United Church, after having stated the facts, contents itself with concluding: "Though the actual membership of Ukrainian people in the United Church after all these years is disappointing, yet a great liberalizing movement can be traced directly to these early efforts." No doubt this "movement" is circumscribed chiefly by the dwindling of Catholic numbers. Fortunately Mr. Scott is able to show that Catholics have of late taken a deep interest in the Ukrainians, and that St. Joseph's College at Yorkton is excellent testimony to work already accomplished. Nevertheless, the endeavor needs more oil of every sort than it has as yet received. One—and not by any means the least needed—brand may be dispatched to the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto, Canada.

ONE OF the most hopeful signs in the present era of depression—that many eminent economists have said is largely mental, which we have been willing to believe until such times as we have put our hands into our pockets and found the cash supply sadly depleted—a hopeful sign, which we have not been aware of before, is that the Kentucky colonels are organizing to do a little something about everything. These fine old gentlemen, deprived of their Bourbon and mint juleps on the front porch, and driven to spend a large part of their time in the cellar, or other retreats where their defiance of the constitution will not be observed and brand them as unpatriotic borers-from-within against the patriotic and constituted authority of these United States, have recently almost disappeared from the public eye. Their enforced sojourn indoors has likewise deprived them of their former love of hearing the "houn' dawgs" make music over the lea, and having their colored servitors go and rescue the 'possum for the pot.

When Duty Calls

FROM Louisville, Kentucky, however, by Associated Press despatch to our favorite morning paper comes the news that The Kentucky Colonels Association has met and withstood one of the first assaults of modernity. This was a plan to put the colonels into khaki uniforms. It was not stated whether the proposed uniforms would have short knee pants, like those of Boy Scout masters, but in any case the colonels held out for the goatee and the long-tailed coat and broad-brimmed soft hat which all self-respecting Kentucky colonels have worn, together with a black string tie and a good "seegar," since corn liquor was first discovered. Before departing back to their unhealthy house-bound lives, they did pass a resolution which is reported by the Associated Press as follows: "The Kentucky Colonels Association hopes to impress upon the world at large the dignity of the offices by the award of medals to members and adoption of rosettes, baldrics and uniforms for use at affairs of state." As we said at the start, we are among those already hopefully impressed. In case you don't know, a baldric is described by "The Standard Dictionary" as follows: "A belt, sometimes richly ornamented, usually worn over one shoulder and across the breast to support a sword, bugle, or powder-flask, etc." The etc. will no doubt be especially handy at affairs of state.

SWEET AUBURN

BASE antitheses rule the world more raspingly than ever Britannia did. Sweet Auburn once had the honor of being pride of the plain, but what followed later is a sad tale too familiar to repeat. In that excellent volume of source material anent the American Baptists which William Warren Sweet has recently compiled, there is a similar narrative regarding one John Taylor who, after having hewn down the forest and built a brick mansion and become the richest citizen of Corn Creek, was obliged to confess that "wise Providence has found a way, to put me in different circumstances, since that time." The moral of which lamentable histories being that the wind changes even in villages, they may serve as introduction to the recent and hotly discussed treason of Mr. Chesterton. That great man came over here, saw and conquered. Critics have since acrimoniously referred to his earnings—which is utterly unfair, since if any man is unaware of earnings (or much else that is earthly) it is Mr. Chesterton. Anyhow, as we all know, the said poet, critic and editor did prior to his departure indite a number of articles which seemed not merely to retract previous unkind remarks anent life in the United States but also to stroke this life with benevolent kindliness and to awaken within it something like a responsive purr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet, no sooner restored to his native haunts was Mr. Chesterton than his backward glance assumed all the severity attributed to the "bloody judges" of yore: "It is an astonishing thing that the white race and European and Christian civilization spread over a whole gigantic continent, have never produced anything like a village fit to look at."

Three hypotheses may be summoned to account for this somersault, manifestly paradoxical. The first is the weathervanish character of all things, previously referred to. Better possibly is the surmisal that the only village Mr. Chesterton really noticed while he sojourned amongst us was Chesterton, Indiana—in which case his final judgment is absolutely correct. If we were labeled Chesterton and found that a town which looked like that had been named after us, we should throw discretion to the winds and deliver an ultimatum. The third and most plausible theory of all is that, restored to his own land, the great man was met by an angry delegation comprised of Messrs. Hollis, Belloc et al., armed to the teeth and clutching such evidence as copies of the New York *Times* in their hands. There may have been catapults of quotations from Browning—for a handful of silver he left us—and of clippings from *G. K.'s Weekly*. One would not be surprised to learn that at least one bludgeon was brandished. After that, small wonder that Chesterton, Indiana, was mustered into service as a rescue plank.

But publicity is merciless still, in spite of chain newspapers. Everybody having soundly whacked the sage of London, we shall pity rather than condemn. That a man should have come away from the United States without realizing that its villages are, perhaps, its only title to aesthetic greatness is as bad as if a man should come away from Berncastel, on the Moselle, unaware that its "doctor" is not a nose specialist but almost the best of wines. The very names of New England towns form a symphony which the initiated relish as they might the notes of a score: Portsmouth, Gorham, Wallingford, Concord, Litchfield, Lenox, Old Lyme, Kent. Other sections of the country may not be able to make quite as good a showing, but if given a chance to fight out the issue they might prove not invalorous foemen. No, a careful diagnosis of Mr. Chesterton's present state of health reveals that he is suffering from three deplorable forms of ignorance—ignorance of American landscape, of American literature, of American puritanism. We hope he will return for treatment of the first. We suspect the origin of the second to lie in too pronounced an addiction to the works of Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Hendrik van Loon. Can it be that Mr. Chesterton has swallowed these whole on the subject of Americanism while spewing them out on all other themes? Does not his remark that villages seem the "most inhuman and ephemeral" things in the United States derive from "Main Street"?

This willingness of Mr. Chesterton to let us see his hand must, no doubt, be attributed to his a priori impressions of puritanism—impressions which are so widely shared as to deserve special comment. The adjective "puritan" serves to describe two quite separate worlds: first, that amalgam of restraints and conventions which many contemporary people abhor and to which they can affix any new object they disapprove of; second, an actual state of mind once dominant in the society of New England. It is high time to see that the two are by no means identical. Prohibition, for example, has no remote or direct connection with puritan history; the anti-slavery movement has. Then, too, the fact that New England society during its creative period was not in any sense thoroughly puritanical would seem to be deserving of a little attention now and then. The seacoast civilization of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was as complex and varied, humanly speaking, as that of England itself. Finally, we should be the last to aver that puritanism was always and everywhere attractive, but we doubt sincerely that it was ever as bad as it has been painted by Ben Jonson and Mr. Mencken. The Chestertonian attitude reminds us of a German gentleman whose mother-in-law fed him on sausages every time he came to dinner, with the remark, "You're a German, sir—you like sausages!" It mattered not a whit that the gentleman's antipathy to sausages was as marked as our own disapproval of Mr. McFadden's editorials. Is the thing puritan? To the scaffold, the stake, the rack or whatever is convenient! Possibly this vehemence could be endured if it were accompanied by (a) the slightest notion of what the word puritan has meant in America and (b) the vaguest information about the culprit object.

At any rate, we shall continue to have the deepest and most lasting affection for our villages. Standing beneath a skyscraper is an experience which invariably adds to our comprehension of the ant, whose sentiments when surveying a bungalow must be comparable. A Tower of Babel may be an achievement but it is always after all only what the French call a *tour de force*—a grandiose way of surmounting real estate values and traffic snarls. But a village that has worn well under a hundred or more years of American life, in which a bit of dust from the by-roads settles on the rosebuds and the eaves, is the nation's best lounging place. Perhaps we ought to be grateful to Mr. Chesterton for having pointed this out anew. It may be that some of us will be moved to go out and see them again, to watch old houses stir in response to many muffled whispers from a past which, despite limitations, was great and good enough to accomplish some things even an Englishman should not mention with disrespect—great and good enough to go its own way unafraid, to foster a system of benevolent government, to prepare for the rich if chaotic present. But will the Englishman ever learn? Frankly, we aren't discouraged. Even though Mr. Chesterton's progress is slow, he gives indications of deserving to be advanced to the next grade. We cordially invite him to present himself for examination and, we hope, promotion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUANDARIES OF CAPITALISM

By T. O'R. BOYLE

Though written prior to the recent papal address on labor, the following paper may not the less be read as a kind of unwitting commentary on that address. Father O'Boyle summarizes those moral criticisms of capitalism which, from the point of view of the Church, are quite as legitimate as current reproofs of Communist wrong-doing. THE COMMONWEAL *makes no brief for the author's views in detail, and indeed invites retort for any conclusions not deemed justifiable. On the other hand it holds that any system of social economics must base its claims to public respect on its conformity with moral standards.—The Editors.*

IT IS too often assumed that Catholicism and capitalism are allies in the war against Communism. This is one of the stock arguments of the anti-religious propaganda of the Bolshevists. A cartoon which appeared in a Russian newspaper pictures capitalism as a brutal, militant figure girded with a row of daggers. One of these has its hilt fashioned to represent the Pope. This identification of the capitalistic civilization and Christianity seems also to be the commonly accepted view of the rest of Europe and of America. Apparently it is generally believed that if capitalism goes, so also will Christianity. However true this may be in the case of Protestantism, Catholics know that there is no joining of forces between Catholicism and capitalism as against a common enemy. Two forces with different purposes and different methods cannot be allies—for them there cannot be even concerted action. It is muddled thinking to believe that because the capitalist system of distributing the goods of the earth is now facing a mortal crisis, Catholicism should throw its weight into the struggle to save it. The Church is not pro-capitalist because it is anti-Communist.

The Bolshevistic Communists have two distinct objects in view, however much they may regard them as one. To put them briefly, they are waging war to replace monopolistic plutocracy by socialization in industry while in government they hope eventually to substitute pluralism or anarchy for democracy. This is one of their aims. The other is to destroy the Christian concept of God and of supernatural redemption in the minds of men and to eradicate the principles of morality that are based thereon. By their materialistic interpretation of history they judge that Christianity today is but a reflection of, a growth out of, the capitalistic economic system that obtains where Christianity flourishes. Of these two Communistic attacks, one is opposed by Catholicism, the other by capitalism. The capitalists are fighting to save plutocracy and its political influence while the Catholics are fighting to save religion.

The arms which the Catholics use differ as greatly from the arms of the capitalists as do their ends and aims. The arms which the Church uses are prayer and the Eucharist, charity, social precepts and example. With these she has no fear of the outcome of the struggle, the Rock on which she is founded will not be corroded by the waves which this latest storm is crashing against it. On their part the capitalists will have resort to propaganda, international financial agreements and tariffs, and if these fail they will not flinch from war. Of these three it is the capitalist anti-Communist propaganda that is of most interest at the present time, especially in its relation to Catholic doctrine. But there is a curious contradiction presented in the international relations of capitalism. It is employing tariffs and financial agreements to protect its wealth while at the same time supplying the Russians with all the capital goods they can pay for. (It is said that when Lenin proposed his New Economic Policy, he was asked how he could expect the capitalists to help Russia to establish an economic system hostile to their own, and he replied: "A capitalist would sell his soul for immediate gain.")

The capitalist propaganda against Communism has recently become intense, probably because of the depression outside of Russia and the probable success of the Five-Year Plan. The publication of the report of the Fish Committee shows that at last the capitalists are awakened to the fact that Communism is a real and imminent danger. For years the attitude taken was that the Russian experiment was bound to end in collapse and failure because of the internal difficulties that the Bolshevists had to face, difficulties caused by the character of the Russian people and the primitive condition of industry in the country. Russia is conquering these difficulties. With outside help industrialization is rapidly going forward and by a carefully planned and vigorously prosecuted campaign of education children, adolescents and adults are becoming thoroughly imbued with the philosophy of Communism. Consequently capitalists have begun to worry about the effect that all this will have upon the workers in other countries and also about the challenge that a new system of production and distribution is making to the one now in existence. Hence the stream of anti-Communist propaganda that is flowing from press and platform.

As generally happens when the object is to influence public opinion, right use of terms, clarity of thought, and justness of statement are glaringly absent from the present campaign. The capitalistic propaganda in this instance is characteristically stupid, and it is important that Catholics, who also are hostile to Communism, do not follow them in their errors, for the cause of truth cannot be advanced by false reasoning. I mentioned as one of the arms that the Church uses in fighting the religion of Communism, the social

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

precepts of the Church. Some of these precepts are being used by capitalists in a manner that is highly amusing. The first and second examples that I shall give below are instances. Instead of carefully examining the philosophic and economic principles of Communism which can be found in the writings of Marx and Lenin, the object seems to be to inspire a hatred of Communists as if they were monstrous ogres, completely dehumanized. After all, a whiskered individual with long boots and queer pants differs only accidentally from the clean-shaven executive with business suit and spats, unless they possess radically different principles in their minds. Communism is radically different in its principles from capitalism, but these differences are seldom discussed.

A first argument against Communism is that the Russians are destroying family life. Marriage is becoming an incident, divorce is at present so easy in Russia, and in the near future the home will be socialized and children will belong to the state. This is a perfectly good argument but a strange one for a modern captain of industry to use. As for divorce, it appears that he forgets that one of every five marriages in the United States ends in that manner. Surely the Russian divorce rate will not, when the novelty wears off, be higher than that. Otherwise one would have to conclude that the only factors that keep marriages intact are the prohibition or difficulty of divorce. This is absurd, for the family is a natural institution. Again, the capitalist inveighs against the socialized family. What of his own system? Is it not true that in the monopolistic state we are approaching a condition where family life will be an impossibility? Birth control is surely destructive of family life, yet capitalist economists argue for it on the grounds of its economic necessity. Further, those who wish to marry and found a family find themselves penalized under modern conditions. High rents, poor housing and unjust prices of foods with minimum wages and unsteady work make many a young man pause before marrying.

Secondly, Communism is opposed on the ground that private property is the foundation of society. Take away from man the right to own property and you destroy his dignity and independence. Especially is this true of the virile Anglo-Saxon who will never consent to relinquish his sturdy individualism. The first of these statements is, with certain qualifications, true. Coming from a defender of the status quo, however, it suffers from the logical fallacy of proving too much. Private property today is too private. It has lost the very basis of its justification, wide diffusion. It is said that in the United States 1/33 of 1 percent of the population owns or controls over 50 percent of the property in the nation, or, to use other figures, 10 percent of the population owns 90 percent of the wealth. Does private property exist where so many are owners of nothing? This is hardly a convincing argument for plutocracy.

Thirdly, Communism is accused of cruel oppression. Under the Soviet régime there are 1,500,000 political convicts working in the mines and forests of Russia under the most appalling conditions. The product of their labor is dumped in the other countries of the world. This is an interesting argument full of psychological suggestiveness. In the first place, however, the accusation that the convict prisoners suffer a hard lot is not proved. The U.S.S.R. correspondent of the New York *Times* states that their lot is a comparatively happy one. But, granted that there be some truth in it, these 1,500,000 people comprise exactly 1 percent of the Rusian people, while under capitalism there are today in the United States nearly 7,000,000 workers—say 6 percent—who cannot find employment. At the height of prosperity a few years ago there were many who were unemployed through no fault of their own. Perhaps forced labor with food is better than forced idleness without food. As to dumping, it and worse practices are not unknown under capitalism.

Fourthly, irresponsible government is said to result from Communism. The defender of capitalism shudders at the thought of 150,000,000 Russians being governed by 1,500,000. The Fish Committee's report gives these figures without interpretation. The implication is that conditions are much better in the United States where, in the words of Owen D. Young, "in both fields [economic and political] our so-called representatives or leaders, whether they be our legislators or our economic directors, are subject to the ultimate control of their constituencies." There are two words in that extract which I find delicious. They are "so-called" and "ultimate." The latter is excellent Communism.

There are many things about Russia that are difficult to understand, at least to the impartial observer. The propagandist can, however, reconcile contradictories; for example, the abject slavery of all the Russians except the small number of Communists, and the apparent success of the Five-Year Plan which of its very nature demands the coöperation of the vast majority of the population. For him the explanation is simply that this tyrannized-over people is filled with a fanatical, religious zeal that urges them to sacrifice and work for the common cause.

Besides the samples given above, there are other propaganda arguments used by the defenders of the capitalist position to keep their subjects satisfied with their lot, but their force is very doubtful. Condemnation, for instance, of the GPU (the Russian Secret Police) by those who have used such *agents provocateurs* as strike-breakers, or who countenance the tactics of the vice squads of big cities and of prohibition enforcers. Again, they decry the despoiling of the Russian aristocracy but make possible the recent calamity of those bankers who were so unfortunate as to have 400,000 of their thrift depositors lose, it would appear, the greater part of their savings.

Thus it goes. The fight provides the most interesting event of the day to watch. To whom will go the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victory? It is doubtful. Captalism may win through weakness in the Communistic attack or through a war; Bolshevism may win because of tactical errors which spring from the greed given large scope in the capitalistic system. Neither will win through inherent strength.

I have not said anything of Communistic methods and aims, for my purpose was but to attempt to clarify the mutual relations of Catholicism and capitalism in regard to the Communist offensive. To me it appears that the position of Catholicism, as such, between the fighting forces of capitalism and Communism, is one of independence. As the one great religious force in the world, the Church finds unapprovable evils in both systems and her mission is to purge these evils. Catholics as individuals or as groups may favor the capitalistic régime while trying to correct its abuses, but they should be careful not to identify it with Catholicism. This confusion will not help capitalism and can but hurt the Church by causing it to be held responsible for doctrines and practices which are foreign to it. The Catholics of France had a perfect right to favor monarchy rather than republicanism but they had no right to consider monarchial government an integral principle of Catholic teaching.

The logical procedure is to study the principles of the philosophy of capitalism and to compare them with the principles of the philosophy of Communism—viewing both in the light of the principles of Catholic theology.

IDLENESS OF THE BETTER SORT

By FRED SMITH

GLAD am I that, within the last half-century, there have been three poets of some significance who have sung, in no minor key, the praises of idleness of the better sort. If only the three had been three hundred perhaps we should not now have upon our hands the present problem of unemployment. But what are three against a civilization, yea, even a culture, that, in the main, works on the assumption that incessant work is the price one must pay for the maintenance of both our civilization and culture. Fortunately there are those who are working *at* the assumption. Meanwhile the indefatigibles seem to have the reins of power. What a host they make! I recall that the idling Davies tells us how afraid he was to call on the Shaws because of Bernard Shaw's gluttony for work. When they did meet I would like to have made one of that company. I wonder if Shaw ever met Robert Bridges? That would have been a meeting worth observing; the indefatigible worker and the magnificent idler. But I see my thoughts are straying to the other group, a much smaller one, of those who, knowing well the worth of work, forgot not the rich worth of idleness of the better sort.

Neighboring the present is the near past: the Victorian age. Through the autobiography of Mary Gladstone, as edited by Lucy Masterman, I have been refreshing my memory concerning the assiduities of Gladstone. What a cult they made of work then. Carlyle and Ruskin were its major prophets, and, so I vaguely remember, Samuel Smiles its minor. Hymnody, as well as history, was made to sing a part in this laudation. We had "to give every flying minute something to keep in store." We were constantly warned concerning the fate and work reserved "for idle hands." And how we did work. Now, as I look back, I find myself asking: To what end was all this slaving? The machine had come, so many believed, Ruskin dissenting, to usher in the golden age. I never got past the iron chapter in that transmutation. From my correspondence with the folks back home the transmutation, in spite of the fierce fires of war, has not yet been consummated. Instead of idleness of the better sort we have the idleness that maketh for laziness. Can it be that our masters of that receding day thought more of mass production than they did of man production? For answer I will quote a poet who seems to know something of my Lancashire:

> The mills of Lancashire grind very small,
> The mills of Lancashire grind very great,
> And small and great alike are passing poor,
> Too poor to read the writing of their fate.
>
> It is a kingdom knows an awful rule,
> It is a kingdom of a direful plan,
> Where old and young are thrown to the machine,
> And no man dreams machines were made for man.

Thus Sir Leo Money in his poem: "King Cotton." A little overexaggerated in the last conclusion but, in the main, true.

Seldom is there a prophet but what at times he speaks like a fool. The great Carlyle is not the exception. In a significant passage he had written majestically of the honor due to "the toil-worn craftsman." But the indefatigibility of Carlyle rather marred his insight at times. I want no man's admiration to topple over into an apology for what is evil. Carlyle could speak no good words for idleness. He gave them all to work:

> For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness, in work . . . in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature.

It is interesting to hear a Carlyle say that. When I worked eleven hours per day in a super-heated factory, with ten minutes for a meal, I never seemed to think of that. Right there was planted in me the desire to know something of idleness, even if it did lead to perpetual despair. I have always been thankful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, early in my knowledge of Carlyle, someone told me that he was subject to indigestion. It enabled me to distinguish what could be attributed to that and what to inspiration.

Now that I am far removed, in this respect, both from Carlyle and the mills of Lancashire, I have achieved, in some measure, the implanted desire of those hard days. Idleness, I find, is not all of a piece. So my three poets declare in no uncertain way. There is Whitman who made idleness a thing to be loved as he sauntered far-flung trails of this continent of ours. You will recall that he invited his "soul" to loaf. Wise in the deeper things was Walt Whitman. He knew that idleness of the better sort was for the better part of him. With body quiescent and mind attentive, he garnered fruit in what men call "hours of idleness." Bridges, in his own way, tells us how he accomplished the same thing. There is a man for you who knew the worth of idleness of the better sort. Without apology he speaks high words of praise for "charmèd indolence." Then we have W. H. Davies who becomes almost aggressive in his laudation of the need for men "to stand and stare."

So far as I am concerned their exhortations have not been in vain. But ere they had come with their "gospel of relaxation" I had had pointers from others leading this way. Ere I had America to give me chance to practise this gospel in large measure, I had Americans to counsel me in the worth of it. A passage in Emerson I found of more worth than all the polemics of Carlyle. He would have the fussy little man go out into nature and learn through loitering the things not found through laboring. Listen to this:

> Standing on the bare ground—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space—all mean egotism vanishes. I am become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all.

That is what the expressive American calls "good stuff." I approve. Even in the days when the machine was almost everything there were high hours when, through a stile near Simonstone, or over the hills to Sabden Fold, I found the better sort of idleness: "A transparent eyeball"!

And now, in a book prefaced with a friend's "best wishes for future success," I turn the pages, twenty years after, glad that, in a measure and way he perhaps thought not of, I have attained. Here is what I like to read in that book:

> I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth. . . . I hid my face in the grass. I was rapt and carried away. . . . Had any shepherd accidentally seen me lying on the turf, he would only have thought I was resting a few minutes. I made no outward show. Who could have imagined the whirlwind of passion that was going on in me as I reclined there!

So Richard Jefferies in "the autobiographic document entitled 'The Story of My Heart.'" And he who quotes him so goes on to say:

> Surely, a worthless hour of life, when measured by the usual standards of commercial value. Yet in what other kind of value can the preciousness of any hour, made precious by any standard, consist, if it consist not in feelings of excited significance like these, engendered in someone, by what the hour contains?

This, as the radio announcers say, is William James, the American philosopher and psychologist, speaking.

Emerson, Whitman, James—Americans all, and all speaking in praise of the better sort of idleness. But America, so all the wise folk say, is the land of bustle and business, where men work hard, and play hard, and hit the line hard. Well, America is a big place and in it there are many sorts of persons. The sort of person that I like the best is that sort who proves that his nation is so diverse as to have samples therein whose lives reveal the strength of the opposite to that which the world counts its greatest claim to fame. Americans at their best surely know what to do with work. Think only of our captains of industry for proof. And there are some Americans who know how to appreciate idleness of the better sort. I have met the sort also who know naught, I fear, of this value. Their slogan is: "Do something." I used to think that Roosevelt was wholly such a type, until one day I picked up a book, now forgotten and unread, by Charles Wagner on "The Simple Life," blurbed (I think the word is now) with a statement that "President Roosevelt says to the author of it: 'I am preaching your book to my countrymen.'" To have a word from such a worker as Roosevelt in praise of what seems to me to be idleness of the better sort is high praise indeed. I have come to think that that is about the finest thing I know of him, though the way he played with his children comes a close second. Right here I remember that, knowing that when there is need of it, I can find it on file, I have forgotten just what Prime Minister MacDonald said, when some time ago, he came to our country. But I need no file to remind me that he it was who mentioned the worth of "The Roadmender" by Michael Fairless. Of a certain energetic but rather rebellious lord, who finds political fellowship with the ranks of Labor in England, I saw it written recently that he "was in too much of a hurry to ever become a statesman." The Prime Minister of his day, however, in a busy life had taken time out to understand the better side of idleness. I surmise that in this fact also lies the strength of his opponent, Sir Stanley Baldwin.

But I must close lest I, who praise so much the worth of idleness of the better sort, leave you no time wherein to practise it. And may you have success in the indulgence. I would not forget to say, however, that the idleness of which I have been writing is definable more in terms of a preoccupation than of an occupation. It is an indulgence which may become, too easily, a dissipation. There is a wise Chinese proverb which reminds us of this distinction: "To be entirely at leisure for one day is to be for one day an immortal." It is easy to have too much of a good thing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENATE AND PRESIDENT

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

CONTROVERSIES between the President and the Senate have become so numerous in recent years that they have almost ceased to be news. That they still retain first-page potentialities is due to the more or less piquant aspects of the squabble which happens to be raging at the moment rather than to any particular interest in the fundamental fact that two great agencies of the same government are arrayed in opposition to each other.

Nowhere, perhaps, save in the United States could this situation prevail without serious consequences—if, indeed, it can long continue to prevail here. Imagine the plight of a British government, for instance, with the House of Commons—or the Lords in the days when they held a real veto power—voting day after day in opposition to the proposals of the Prime Minister. Either the Prime Minister or the recalcitrant legislative majority would be removed promptly, by the resignation of the one or the defeat of the other at the polls.

The late President Wilson had his difficulties with the Senate even when there was a solid Democratic majority in that body and, of course, those difficulties multiplied when the Republicans took control. But, since March 4, 1921, there has been a Republican President in the White House and a substantial Republican majority in the Senate, and there has not been a year in that period free of some major disagreement between the President and the Senate. Farm relief, the World Court, bonus legislation, the tariff, are a few of the major subjects of disagreement which come to mind readily; to say nothing of the antagonism which flared up so vividly during the oil scandals and the investigations of the Department of Justice and the Veterans' Bureau.

When a condition of this kind persists over many years without regard to the lines normally drawn by partizan politics, it must grow out of some deep-seated cause. As a matter of fact, it does, and the cause is that the constitution of the United States was framed to meet a situation which has changed radically since the constitution was adopted.

Originally conceived as a safeguard against radical legislation and a citadel for the defense of vested interests, the Senate today is what the House was designed to be; namely, a forum of the common people responsive almost instantly to the gusts and whirlwinds of public opinion. Meanwhile the House, by the operation of the same underlying factors, has become steadily more and more conservative while the President has developed from the glorified executive secretary, as he was conceived by the framers of the constitution, into a ruler whose actual powers cannot be matched by those of any constitutional monarch in the world today.

Some elemental but frequently disregarded factors have brought this situation into being. The most elemental of all is the shift of population since Revolutionary days and the bearing which this shift has upon the election of Presidents, senators and representatives. A hundred years ago or more the population of the nation was predominantly rural; today it is predominantly urban. But that is not the whole story; the bulk of the urban population is concentrated in half a dozen huge cities in half a dozen industrial states.

Presidents are elected by the vote of the nation. To be sure, the Electoral College intervenes; but electors are apportioned on the basis of representation in Congress and representation in Congress is, generally speaking at least, apportioned on the basis of population. Thus the electoral vote of New York is equal to the combined votes of a whole empire of Western states. Pennsylvania is not far behind. Combine the electoral votes of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, Ohio, New Jersey and Missouri and it will become apparent that only by a political miracle could any man lose all of those states and still be elected to the Presidency. Which means that, since these states are the seats of great industrial interests, for the most part conservative in tendency, the successful candidate for the Presidency is likely to reflect their viewpoint.

To a considerable extent the same factors which operate in determining the selection of a President, also influence the make-up of the House of Representatives. Here again great and populous industrial states send delegations many times the size of the delegations from smaller or sparsely settled commonwealths. The present overrepresentation of the agricultural states, due to the failure of Congress to make the required constitutional reapportionment after the 1920 census, gives the industrial states somewhat less than their proper influence at this time, but nevertheless they predominate. When the recent reapportionment law becomes operative their predominance will be accentuated.

But while the Presidency and the House have been moving in the direction of conservatism, the Senate has been doing exactly the opposite. As everyone knows, each state however great or small sends two senators to Washington. Commonwealths whose entire population could be lost in one borough of metropolitan New York, have exactly the same representation in the Senate as the states of New York or Pennsylvania. As the rural states lose population and the industrial states gain, this disproportion in the Senate becomes more acute.

The net result is that the President and the House now represent one economic viewpoint while the Senate represents another, and this divergence, being based on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economics more than political principles, is quite likely to continue regardless of the nominal political complexion of Congress or the partizan affiliations of the President. Thus when the Senate fulminates in favor of a particular brand of farm relief, only to be blocked by a hostile House and President, it merely means that all three are being true to their respective constituencies.

Such a division would be fatal, doubtless, in a nation where all power is concentrated in the central government. In the United States, however, its evils are minimized by the large reserves of legislative powers retained by the states even in the face of the centralizing tendency of recent years. Perhaps, on the whole, it is merely the working out of the system of checks and balances which is fundamental in the American scheme of democratic government.

Without the restraining influence of the Senate it is quite conceivable that the conservatism of the House and the Presidency might run amuck. More and more the Senate is becoming a national watch-tower. Some observers have referred to it as the keeper of the king's conscience because of its penchant for offering gratuitous advice to the President on all imaginable occasions. Perhaps it is more of a devil's advocate; any President who can emerge from its surveillance unscathed is certainly entitled to political canonization.

Notwithstanding its ability to make itself ridiculous at times, the Senate serves a most wholesome purpose. Its record in the exposure of governmental evils during the past decade is imposing. The unsavory oil scandals, the maladministration of the Department of Justice and the Veterans' Bureau, and the purchase of elections in Pennsylvania and Illinois were all dragged to light by its investigating committees. That the same results might have been achieved by the executive branch of the government through normal legal processes is beside the point. The results did not materialize until the Senate got busy.

Senate rules which permit unlimited debate and open the way to filibusters in short sessions are frequently criticized as inimical to the efficient transaction of government business. Doubtless the rules have been abused, but it is also true that but for these same rules the country itself might have been abused on more than one occasion. In an organization in which there is concentrated the tremendous power possessed by the government of the United States, it is well to have a restraining influence.

If such a compilation were possible, it is likely that the bad bills which the Senate has killed because of its freedom of debate would far outnumber the good bills which met the same fate. Were it not for the rule of unlimited debate, the Lodge-Force bill would now be operative in the Southern states, which may be desirable or not according to individual viewpoints. By the same token the government would have been committed to the principle of ship subsidies during the Harding administration.

After all, the delay which may be forced by Senate filibusters seldom amounts to more than an opportunity for a cooling-off process.

Presidents operate at a marked advantage in their perennial duels with the Senate, and with a minimum of political sagacity in the White House the latter can nearly always come off victorious.

In the first place, the President acts by himself and thus is insured of perfect coördination of his maneuvers so long as he has a clear idea of his own objective. He is both the general and the army. Opposed to him are ninety-six generals and no army.

Suppose the President is seeking Senate confirmation for one of his appointees to public office. Every Senator who opposes the nomination knows that he is running the risk that the President will not listen to his recommendations when other appointments are in the making. Since federal patronage is the backbone of political machines to which many Senators owe their elections, this is an important weapon in the hands of the President disposed to use it.

If it is some particular piece of legislation which the President desires, he can use the same weapon to whip senators into line. Moreover, he is likely to have the House on his side, and in that case he can nearly always bring the Senate into line. If the Senate does not approve the bills the President wants, the House can refuse approval of measures favored by the Senate. Or the Senate can be confronted with the choice between what the President and the House want and no legislation at all. Since every important bill has some features desired by nearly every senator, the potentialities of this weapon are almost unlimited. The enactment of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was an excellent illustration of this system. That bill could not have been passed without some Democratic votes in the Senate. If there is anything a Democrat—particularly a Southern Democrat—is supposed to be opposed to it is a high protective tariff. But a few increases in the sugar, wool and vegetable rates worked wonders; a handful of Democrats from states interested in those commodities came over and voted with the Republicans and the bill was passed.

When that can be done on such an issue as the tariff the implication is plain that it must be an indefensible proposal indeed which a President cannot force the Senate to accept.

To One Bound on a Pilgrimage

You speak of going to Jerusalem
To see the hill where Christ was crucified;
To worship for a while in Bethlehem
Where Mary lay with Jesus by her side.

But I prefer to make my pilgrimage
Around the corner, up a little street.
You may explore His former vicinage,
But I within my breast shall feel Him sweet.

KENTON KILMER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY

By ANNA KELLY

SOME time ago a film was made of Dublin life. Intended by its producers to be an authentic picture of contemporary scenes and happenings, it was peopled entirely by hard-jawed gangsters and their female prototypes, the most impossible colleens who ever dallied along the primrose path in slinky silk kimonas. Dublin city was a dark street of crooked houses in whose sinister shadows armed policemen kept order, unnecessarily, among the traffic. A few donkey-carts, some jaunting-cars evidently reconstructed from picture postcards, and a Ford or two kept the traffic cops busy. Above this happy metropolis there blazed one sky-sign, just one, and it announced laconically, "Whisky."

When we read the critiques of its première in London, we were delighted and we hoped that it would come to Dublin soon, for we love a good comedy. Great was our disappointment when the Irish film censor refused it admittance, and now if we want to see it we shall have to travel abroad and track it down on its miserable Odyssey—to Tooting or Timbuctoo or wherever these things go.

When you read about Dublin in the average newspaper, when you find it in such films as this or in slum dramas, you receive a blurred impression of gun-bullies and jokers, pretty colleens and witty jarveys, shillalahs and shamrocks, pigs and pageantry. All Ireland would appear to be indulging in alternating orgies of sentiment and sin against a background of green flags and sunbursts, with whisky punch and patriotic platitudes on a Patrick's Night.

It is either that or the Celtic twilight which, the Dublin people will tell you, is nearly as bad if not worse. All the world's a stage, but all Ireland isn't the Abbey Theatre stage, and our playboys bore us so much that they are driven abroad to make a living by lecturing and writing books destined to be banned when they reach our shores.

Never was a country so hampered by false legends. Whenever I meet a party of tourists determined at all costs on finding the tear and the smile, I send my seven curses after Tom Moore who has left us this kindergarten heritage. It is in vain we protest our ancient dignity and modern progress.

Stand with me on O'Connell Bridge, over that Liffey which you must cross whether you arrive by train, boat, omnibus or air. Look down the broad boulevard of O'Connell Street. It is wide and kind and has been planned on noble lines. Our great men, Parnell, Father Matthew, Dan O'Connell, stand sentinel in bronze, and Nelson's Column is the axis of its commerce.

Look westward, along the brown track of the river. The sun is setting behind the Phoenix Park, and as it sinks lower it throws up in silhouette the stones of old Patrick's Cathedral and Christ Church, fragments of the city walls, stones laid by Patrick himself, by Crusaders' hands. Dust of Saxon, Dane and Norman; ghost of Swift; blood of yesterday—this is memoried sorrow and old renown.

Turn toward the north and you are looking into the eighteenth century. Every façade and portico has the dignity and spaciousness of the Georgians; the old Houses of the Lords and Commons, Trinity College, statues of Burke, Goldsmith, Grattan, mansion after mansion. . . .

Where you stand—luckily there is an island of refuge in the middle of O'Connell Bridge—a maelstrom of motor traffic swirls by. Motor omnibuses, a growth of the last five years, cruise among the smaller craft. Read their destinations as they pass. It is to learn again the geography of Ireland. If you stand there long enough, you will see a motor omnibus from every country town in Ireland.

Down there on the cobblestones, where the Liverpool boat comes to berth far up the river, there is a group of travelers just arriving. They are tourists, perhaps emigrants home at last after years of exile to find the Ireland of their dreams. Alas for dreams and symbols. They can scarcely find a jaunting-car to take them to their hotel, for one symbol, at least, is going down before the self-starter and many more are vanishing. We have our round towers still, but the towers which dominate our landscape are the masts of the Shannon Electric Power station which stalk the land like giants in seven-league boots. And as for pigs. Pigs are scarce and bacon is dear on account of foreign dumping. Pigs pay no one but magazine illustrators for Irish stories. Ingredients: one colleen, one cabin, one pig. (Wish we could do as well on pigs.)

It is night and over our lovely skyline—it is a city of wide horizons—a smoky blue curtain has fallen. Rows of lights spring up as in an auditorium. What is Dublin thinking and saying and how is it amusing itself tonight?

Come along and we shall see. Turn up your coat collar, for a thin east wind of a Saxon penetration is blowing up from the bay.

Let us start with the Gate Theatre at the top of O'Connell Street. Here a company of young actors, nearly all Dubliners, have broken away from the Abbey tradition of the peasant play and are giving week after week the cream of the world's dramatic art to small but delighted audiences. It is "Back to Methuselah" this week and the first cycle is on. The theatre is full —it was booked out weeks ago—and the audience is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

following Mr. Shaw's metabiological Pentateuch with, as one critic said, "impassioned polytechnic earnestness."

Leaving the supermen, you will find O'Connell Street atwinkle with lights, but the stars in its firmament are all from Hollywood: Bebe Daniels, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford; "Montana Moon"; "Rookery Nook"; "The Girl Said 'No'"; Douglas and Mary in "The Taming of the Shrew"; "The Kiss"; "Journey's End"; "All Quiet on the Western Front." If you are feeling highbrow let us hurry by.

To digress for a moment, I should mention that over half of the films sent into the Free State are stopped by the censor or cut so much as to render them useless for exhibition. There are seven cinemas in this one street and from half past six in the evening onward there is a long queue outside each. I should have mentioned in my list "Storm over Asia," a remarkable film production of Soviet Russia which is now showing in one of the O'Connell Street houses. It is highly inflammable and has been banned in Britain for containing subversive propaganda.

A turn to the left brings us to the Abbey Theatre. They have a typical peasant play on and, although we have had peasant plays week after week for years, all the cheaper seats are booked out. The stalls are thin. There are not many celebrities there tonight. But Senator W. B. Yeats is there and it is rare to catch a glimpse of him nowadays. Accompanied by Lennox Robinson, he picks his way into the stalls, his leonine head, whitening now, thrown up in relief against the stage curtain. A successful poet grows old gracefully.

In the annex of the Abbey Theatre, a smaller house named the Peacock Theatre has just produced T. C. Murray's "Autumn Fire" in Gaelic. And the Abbey bill for next week is "King Lear."

Through College Green and Nassau Street into Dawson Street where the Mansion House, with a restored Lord Mayor, is all lighted up for the great reception held every year during the Catholic Truth Society Conference. The scarlet and purple robes of His Eminence Cardinal MacRory, the archbishops and bishops; the ribbons and insignia of the European consuls—all make a scene of great dignity and color. His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel receives His Excellency the Nuncio Apostolic and His Grace of Dublin. The Archbishop of Tuam drives up and passes in. Catholic Boy Scouts line the approach. There are eight bishops there and countless other clergy. The diplomatic corps attend in full dress, and the band strikes up the "Marseillaise" as His Grace of Cashel and the Lord Mayor receive the French minister. Members of the government and of the opposition, ladies and public men of all sorts attend to do honor to the great Catholic tradition. All the spiritual and the best intellectual forces of the country are rallying to turn back the tide of paganism and materialism that is threatening even the sturdy Irish faith.

Shaw again. Just around the corner from the Mansion House is the Gaiety Theatre where Mr. Shaw jeers at democracy in "The Apple Cart." The first night (for Dublin) audience included Cabinet ministers and other men of the state. Mr. Shaw, the jester, does not get here the ovations he is accustomed to in London, and witty citizens say that it is very wise of him to remain expatriated. The Irish would find him out in five minutes.

But to catch a gleam of the personality of a city that goes back through a thousand years of troubled history. She is one of those for whom lovers make ballads instead of lyrics. Perhaps that is a clue. Some call her fair and others, drab and slattern. Yet under the architectural negligée there is a very stately grand dame, and far above the fallen arches the dreaming spires still proudly rise.

FOR THE ELECT

By JOHN B. McDONALD

INEVITABLY a philosophy of literary criticism involves one in a philosophy of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that sooner or later the humanist (I speak here of the new school) should be called upon to state the relationship existing between his philosophy and religion. This Professor Foerster endeavored to do in the concluding chapter of his "American Criticism." His explanation came to the attention of Gilbert Chesterton, who in the *Bookman* of May, 1929, gave his reaction to the professor's views in a paper entitled "Is Humanism a Religion?" To this Professor Foerster made answer in his latest book, "Toward Standards" (New York: Farrar and Rinehart), under the heading "A Note on Humanism and Religion." The following reflections were suggested by a reading of these several papers.

Professor Foerster and Mr. Chesterton are one in holding that "mere" or "pure" humanism is not a religion. It is equally clear that both recognize that revealed religion (to be explicit, Catholicism) and "pure" humanism are mutually exclusive when considered on a basis of first principles; that it is indeed impossible for a man to be at once a Catholic and a thoroughgoing humanist; lastly, that humanism and Catholicism have much in common. On the other hand, the professor differs with Mr. Chesterton in these particulars: (1) Humanism is a derivation from Catholic tradition as "the pools" from "the fountain." (2) Humanism cannot satisfy the many. (3) Humanism lacks "cement" for an enduring ethic.

Arbitrarily, I will take up the last point first. In reply to Mr. Chesterton's query, "What cement has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

humanism for an enduring ethic?", Professor Foerster says that the humanist answers (quite naturally, I think) that he "will have to rely upon the kind of cohesion revealed in the critical spirit," which, in the event of a desuetude of religion, will substitute for external authority the inner authority arising from the central facts of experience: what is really central and normal and permanent in human existence. In the event (inconceivable to me) of the death of religion, it seems that the only standard upon which human society could possibly thrive would be the one adduced by humanism. That granted, it seems that the cement is still too weak, too uncertain, too varying, too essentially human, therefore fallible, to hold together the fabric of human society either very strongly or very permanently. Behold the decline of Greece! It appears that this was wistfully admitted when, speaking of the possible spread of humanism, the professor said: ". . . [Humanism] has a chance to prevail. . . . Humanists may hope for this if they can; they have the same right as anybody else to be optimistic or pessimistic."

Still going forward backward, it seems to me that Mr. Chesterton's objection, "But can it satisfy people?" (meaning the bulk of mankind), was brushed aside too readily when he said, "Humanism is not centrally concerned with this question, for the reason that it does not promise to reconstitute humanity." If humanism is avowedly restricted to the *pauci electi,* if it is to give the intellectuals a plan of life that the mass of mankind, spiritually indolent, poorly circumstanced, mentally unequipped, cannot understand or appreciate, will it itself be able to exist in a society conceivably bereft of spiritual guidance and humanistic control?

I seriously doubt that, once religion were gone (a supposition for the nonce), humanism, because of what it is and the fineness of perception required for its understanding and acceptance, would filter through in any patent way to the Toms, Dicks and Harrys of the proletariat. Can a select group of humanists exist in a society void of the control of either religion or human ethical principles? In other words, whether he likes it or not, the humanist cannot dismiss the many so readily. They will not be denied. They too must have a philosophy.

What will it be? It will be founded either on religion, humanistic principles, or some form of naturism, most forms of which we have seen tend to pessimism and self-destruction. Postulating the fall of religion, one can, so it appears to me, without going afield of common sense, foresee a society in which the few are humanists and the many individualists united nevertheless in protestation against the self-conscious privileged ones. So whether he will or no, the philosopher must offer a doctrine that affects all mankind; it must be universal in its appeal, helpful in its effect, yes, regenerative and having power to reconstruct humanity. I think that it was this assumption—that a philosophy because it is a philosophy is for all people—that Mr. Chesterton had in mind when he made his query.

How many people can humanism satisfy? For Mr. Chesterton, as for the professor, it is not a matter of numbers but rather the practical potentiality of humanism to satisfy the legitimate aspirations and needs of men. Catholics, for instance, rejoice in the name Catholic, not because the Church embraces men of every race and clime but because it has within itself whatever is needed to make life understandable, livable, purposeful, beautiful, no matter what condition of society, what race, what climate, one may claim for himself; it satisfies the needs of the rich and the poor, the great and the little, the learned and the untutored.

I find no difficulty in accepting Professor Foerster's contention that while the humanist has drawn heavily upon Catholic tradition and spirit, he has gone further and taken elements from the ancient Oriental religions and philosophies, and especially from Hellenic, upon which, indeed, he draws more heavily than upon Christianity itself. In other words, humanism is more Greek than Christian. I wonder if here again there was a meeting of the minds. The humanist says (as Professor Foerster so well put it in the concluding paragraph of "Toward Standards") that his "working philosophy" seeks "to reveal what is central and normal and permanent in human existence, what principles of conduct are necessary to effect a community rather than social chaos, what kinds of knowledge and types of beauty are most congruent with human nature, what elements enter into a richly diversified, a finely shaped, and an exalted life." That is, the humanist seeks to find the truly valuable in life a posteriori by a study of life as it has been lived, as things have been tested and found good. The Catholic gets his essential knowledge largely a priori, i.e., from the revelation by Him Who, creating man, knows the work of His hands. In other words, the a posteriori findings of the humanist vindicate the a priori knowledge which the Church has had and has.

In this sense, Mr. Chesterton was quite right in holding that what humanism exalts the Church has known all along. True, she does not preach the doctrine of humanism, but it has been held by her as the logical whole is said to contain the logical part, or as the potential contains the actual. What I think Mr. Chesterton as a Catholic critic wanted to say is this: there is nothing good in humanism that cannot be found in the Church, not meaning to say that humanism derived all its views from the obvious outward teaching of the Catholic body. He implies, I think, that, were the humanist a Catholic—understanding thoroughly the Church's full teaching and spirit—he would see that, in the last analysis, humanism offers nothing that the Church cannot give; that if the humanist were to walk into the Church and view its windows from the inside rather than from the outside, he would see traced there in the picture the outlines (and more) of what is good humanistic belief. As an outsider, he cannot see the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture save vaguely and through the grime of ages of misrepresentation and caricaturing.

But comes the divorce! Humanism is humanism, Catholicism is supernaturalism. The practical rejection of revelation and the existence of another world to come—for failure to consider it in one's philosophy is equivalent to a rejection—renders impossible one being a "mere" humanist and a Catholic. The difference lies not in what we hold but in what is rejected, and, in effect, humanism rejects the supernatural economy. If there is a revelation and the Catholic Church is its custodian, then humanism, whatever may be its merits in itself, is a sorry thing. The Catholic, of course, believes in revelation: he accepts the philosophy of man's fall and his regeneration through grace and will—through aid both supernatural and natural—and he sees his humanity best elevated in his attainment of the supernatural. His human possibilities reach their full length in his stretching forth for the higher order of things. If the Church insists upon the subservience of the natural to the supernatural, she insists upon what is reasonable, the lesser making way for the greater; but in so doing, she does not smother the human but knows that the human attains its highest possibilities in its surrender to the supernatural.

In fine, while the Catholic cannot be a "mere" or a "pure" humanist, he can be and necessarily is, as I understand it, a humanist in fact, for postulating revelation, he gives to the human in man its proper place in the Divine scheme. To express it a bit differently: the Catholic is a humanist, but he considers man as man to be a composite of matter and spirit, of animality and spirituality, of body and soul, having within himself powers akin to those of the brute animal and yet powers akin to God's, so that as he chooses he can surrender to the lower in him or, through will and grace, rise to a god-like stature, and in doing the latter he achieves his real humanity. That some—perhaps many—professing Catholics do not achieve this is no argument against the Catholic creed and economy; it still has the power to achieve the result in a Judas that it did in a Saint John, in a Julian that it did in a Saint Francis. It not only sets standards adaptable to the needs of all, but gives the means to attain them.

Now, the standards of humanism, though high, are not adapted to the needs of all, nor does it supply the means to realize them in life, nor again has it a sufficient sanction to make men—all men—want to make them theirs. Granted that humanism can and does render some choice souls poised, well balanced, far-seeing, capable of viewing things in their parts and harmonious totality; some endowed with superior mental equipment, fine social heritage, cultured surroundings, financially independent—granting this, I say, it just doesn't avail anything for those not so situated who yet want to be "saved," who too wish, as far as they may, to have happiness, who encompassed by infirmity, sickness, poverty, look for a heaven, justice, charity, peace.

It is this selfishness, this class-consciousness, that repels me in humanism, as I believe it repelled Professor Sherman. To me it seems that the vaunted humility of the humanist fits oddly with his "don't-careness" for the multitude. In this particular, I gladly pass from humanism to a whole-hearted acceptance of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy as a practical basis for social relationship.

But I have digressed. As I was saying, humanism has no effective sanction for the balanced life unless it is the reward that lies in the consciousness of a rounded human perfection. The Catholic Church, backed by two thousand years of intimate knowledge of human nature, knows that such a sanction, while appealing to some few—Oh, so very few!—is insufficient to keep man from surrendering himself to the unethical. Love for God can do it for some, loss of eternal happiness for more, and for most fear of punishment can and does achieve this end. No, the rewards of humanism are not (in the minds of most) worth the effort.

At the present time the Catholic world is watching closely the humanist movement, captained here in America by Messrs. Babbitt and More. Does it lead to faith or will it, by satisfying some disgusted with much that goes under the philosophy of Romanticism, keep men from embracing revealed religion? As for myself, I distrust a system of ethics outside the central Christian tradition—with Mr. Chesterton and against one of Trollope's characters (quoted by Professor Foerster) who says: "Till we can become divine we must be content to be human, lest in our hurry for a change we sink to something lower." I would say, with a writer in a recent magazine, "Man in the last analysis tends to become either an adherent of revealed religion or a naturist."

Achill Girl's Song

I'd bring you these for dowry—
A field from heather free,
White sheep upon the mountain,
And calves that follow me.

I saw you by the well-side
Upon Saint Finnian's Day;
I thought you'd come and ask for me,
But you kept far away.

I'd ask her of her people,
The girl that I would like—
I'd let her be beside me
Till twelve o'clock would strike!

Oh, if you'll ask not for me,
But leave me here instead,
The narrow, narrow coffin
Will shortly be my bed—

My bed will be the coffin,
My place, beneath the sod,
And without your converse with me,
My soul will be with God!

PADRAIC COLUM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HILLTOP IN MAY

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

THE WORLD is a great sapphire, and all living vegetation in its spicy atmosphere trembles restlessly with an ambition to achieve. Walden's Ridge, to my west, reaches up in a mottled green gown 2,000 feet high, while to my east, chain after chain of hills stretches north and south, till the Cohutta Mountains in Georgia forbid my vision to pass beyond. But the intervening panorama gives me hill after hill that stripes my mind with multi-colored ribs—the dark green of the pines is sharply contrasted with the new foliage of the oaks, hickories and elms.

Not a sound knocks at my ears except the warbler's familiar songs, the chirruping of crickets and the ringing of cow-bells that comes from the meadows between my pedestal-hill and those to my right and left. The solemn but solacing sounds of cow-bells in the distant fields persist in pulling me back into the past, and prevent me from enjoying the present as greatly as I should.

Seeds, soil, strength, sunshine and water have conspired to build old-fashioned crazy-quilts in valleys to both my right and left. The little squares, diamonds, triangles and rhomboids stand out in tan, cream, yellow, brown, pink and various hues of red and green. Other patches appear as if some painter had tilted the bucket and poured the contents in all directions.

I am alone on the crest of an old hill that lifts me upward a thousand feet where oaks, chestnuts and sourwood trees are wearing the usual sylvan suits decorated with lichens that make some of them leopard-like. Farkleberry shrubs squat all about in the woods, and New Jersey tea huddles together in small family groups holding white featherlike tapers.

Sheep sorrel with its piles of arrowhead-shaped foliage has lifted its seedspikes, staining the canvas with brick-red spots in open spaces. Solomon's seal is stooping toward the earth as if searching for a lost article while its bell-shaped blossoms make rhyming couplets at each leaf axle. American ipecac leans gently, holding its white-petaled flowers, marking the earth with an effeminate touch. Virginia wild pink scatters red stars throughout the woods, and pinkroot's tub-shaped blossoms hang on one-sided spikes above the heads of glossy green leaves.

But none of May's wild flowers of the shady woods can quite approach the artistic touch that nature gives to this May morning's spiderwort. What blue jewels are its three-petaled blossom, and how the golden anthers mock the setting sun in the blue background! The spiderwort opens its new flowers each morning, turning down on drooping stems those flowers that pass for the day, which is equivalent to tagging them with a label that reads, "Finished!" Then the insect knows when taking an inventory just how many buds are yet to open.

Crested cladonia, that most charming and popular of all the woodland lichens, stands in little social circles about the old thick bark at the base of pine trees, each one wearing a deep red cap. Quaker ladies with bare heads look as neat and ready for work as white-gowned nurses do in the modern hospitals.

Birds are well concealed from my eyes among the dense foliage but are very conspicuous to the ears. A pair of summer tanagers come very near and show no fear. If the birds could only realize that I am not responsible for the cruelties of my ancestors, I know they would all visit me as the tanagers do today. Warblers are everywhere, and phoebe lifts her voice down the hillside while her pee-wee cousin is busy halting and arresting flies without written warrants as they dash near. Wrens stab the mountainside with stentorian voices, and the cardinal delivers a heated oration, while the "conkerees" of the red-winged blackbird float above the lowlands. Every now and then a hush in the avian program prevails, and with the tinkling in the far-off meadows while soft May air waves brush my forehead, my soul rests as comfortable as if it were being rocked in a downy feather bed.

A tiny path paved with white gravel winds along the hillside, gradually descends, broken here and there by a fallen tree. It is decorated with effeminate bunches of bluets—the kind whose flowers are almost faded out.

Young pines gather about my path, and as I look at this rich and rare treasure of the hilltop, I wonder if its travelers recognize and appreciate its rustic beauty, and its surroundings! Surely not even Broadway or any other man-made street can be favorably compared to it. How I do wish that I lived near enough that I might walk over it early each morning when the earth seems sinless, and then again before I fall flat from my daily labors.

The traditional pathway that leads to heaven is said to be straight, but my path, gracefully curving about the trunks of lichen-spotted trees, mossy-marked stones and loose-barked fallen trees, seems to lead straight to heaven! It convinces me that its travelers who can properly appreciate its beauty and mystery, will be guided to the coveted goal.

Now a breeze comes and the foliage chants a lullaby, very low at times, becoming a whispered melody; yet so congenial with my nature that I know heaven is somewhere near such a spot. I may be mistaken, but it does seem to me that death in such a place would not be a dreadful ordeal.

A long white thread that seems to be entangled among treetops two miles to the west, appears to be traveled by a colony of ants, running in both directions. But from their behavior, I know they are not ants, for when meeting these little fellows place their noses together to determine friends from foes. So I am thankful for distance which is master of mechanical sounds and gives me only the movements of automobiles as they skim the hardened highway.

An oblong patch of freshly stirred earth, reddened by iron, boasts a blue stream that has just walked down the mountainside, pasted between a green field of wheat and a yellow strip of mustard now gone to seed. A jet black plowman, a white mule and a grey plowstock are striping the red block with furrows, where a sooty colored child wearing a white dress carries a tin lard bucket filled with corn and moves slowly along the furrow dropping the lusty grains.

I am too far away to hear the clanking of trace-chains with the single trees, and the hoarsely uttered "gee" and "haw," but line by line my eyes read this spring poem which stirs my soul and heart as deeply as if it were a masterpiece presented between book covers, set in Roman type.

Throughout the day I roam among the hill trees, straight, crooked, gnarled and leaning bodies, until Walden's Ridge to my west closes the program by playing the magician's rôle of slowly drawing the sun, that has looked down on my hilltop and my own head today, into its face. It then swallows the mighty ball of fire to show me if I wait, how it can pass, unseen, the intensely hot thing and lift it at the end of twelve hours over the hills to the east.

When the lazy grey smoke begins to slip stealthily out of rustic chimney mouths into the open sky and stretch leisurely on the air for a couch, and when dim lights begin to peep through distant windows of farmers' houses, my feet accept one of the paths, and soon, I, too, permit the earth to swallow me in a dark valley to resurrect me at the reappearance of the fireball from which I and my hilltop have so lately been separated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

On the Curious Art of Playgoing

POSSIBLY a better title for this slight digression would be, "The Curious Art of Professional Playgoing," since there is generally supposed to be a vast distinction between going to the theatre for amusement and going all dressed up in the official robes of a critic. The man who pays for his seats selects only plays after his own heart, acting on this or that person's recommendation, whereas the professional critic wrenches himself from a comfortable fireside to go on a pilgrimage of duty. This, at least, is the popular legend, and gathers to itself a certain color from the occasional complaints of bored play reporters toward the close of a strenuous season. For the most part, however, it is radically untrue. Critics, in spite of themselves, are as badly stage-struck a crew as you are likely to find along the full length of Broadway. They are brimful of the amateur spirit, regardless of whether they receive a healthy pittance for their words or not. They may be sharp, bitter, cynical and obsessed with the idea of making themselves personally amusing, but behind all that they love the theatre as deeply as the hardest fisted reporter loves the clatter of newspaper life.

For this reason, in spite of the fact that I am talking strictly about professional play reviewing, I have deliberately left out the word "professional" from the title. The only worth-while critics are those who cannot help forgetting their professional function entirely in the overwhelming interest and amusement which their beloved theatre affords them.

In explaining my title, I have probably answered the first question asked every critic, namely, "Don't you get tired of going to the play night after night?" The whole point is that your critic has no more chance of getting tired of the theatre than a good card player of his daily game of contract, or a baseball fan of his frequent ball games. The theatre is never twice alike—even if you return to see the same play over again. A different audience will furnish variety even if the play itself and the actors fail to add the smallest crumb of change. Moreover, like a ball game or a rubber of contract, plays have a thousand different elements which never fall in quite the same combination.

The theatre is a place of inherent variety, even when the variety consists in various degrees of bad acting, bad playwriting or bad direction. Your true card fan takes almost as much delight in the post-mortem after a badly played hand as in the winning of a difficult trick, and the ball park fan who knows anything at all about the "inside play" of the diamond will get ammunition for a week's argument out of a possible double play that failed to come off. The professional theatregoer (who remains an amateur at heart) has this same sort of advantage over the casual playgoer. The mistakes are almost as interesting as the points achieved. If a play is boring, he is never quite content until he has found the real reason for the boredom, and in the hunt for that reason, boredom itself has vanished!

Your dyed-in-the-wool critic has another advantage rarely suspected. He can actually enjoy a good play as much as any other human being in the theatre. No end of people have asked me, "Don't you have to make mental notes while the performance is going on? Doesn't this interfere with your simple enjoyment of the play?" Of course I can only answer completely for myself, but from what I know of many of my colleagues, I think it is fair to say that making notes, mental or otherwise, is about the last form of vivisection a critic is likely to undertake. After all, his first job is to sink into that state of gentle hypnosis which permits the play to exert full control over him. Otherwise he will lose its power to create illusion, and so lose the viewpoint of the more casual playgoer for whom he is supposed to report his impressions later on. He can do his dissecting between the acts, but if he tries it while the curtain is up, his final review will lack all the flavor of enthusiasm which lends warmth and energy and interest to any form of reporting. The job of the critic is to find out, on behalf of a few thousand readers, just what enjoyment (or lack of enjoyment) a certain play is likely to furnish them. If he becomes too interested in trying to tear it to pieces while it is going on, then he is foresaking the first business of the critic for the chief job of an instructor in a dramatic school.

It is, therefore, an essential part of the dramatic critic's art to become as wholly and completely as possible a part of the audience, reserving all his professional interest in the "inside play" until his impression of the play as a whole has been formed. After that, of course, the more clearly he can discover his reasons for likes and dislikes, the more useful he becomes as a critic, and the more just he is apt to be in his final report. Also, if he states his case clearly, he may be of some help to later audiences by having called their attention to those finer points of the play which give it added zest or account for its occasional weaknesses.

In fact, I cannot emphasize too strongly the need of developing among even the most casual theatre-goers something of the same amateur interest in "fine points" which these selfsame people would develop for themselves in baseball, cards, stamp collecting or any other hobby. To miss the fine points in anything is to miss more than half of the rich harvest life can yield. Even the office boy knows this is true about baseball. He reads whole columns daily in order to know just how his favorite player holds his bat, or pitches his best curve or covers his position on the field—and for that small knowledge, easily acquired, the office boy draws huge added dividends of pleasure the following Saturday.

But four-fifths of our theatre-going population rests content with the most abysmal ignorance concerning the things which make or unmake plays. If, for example, a certain scene drags, does the fault lie with the director, with one or more of the actors, or with the playwright himself? If another scene hits you with cyclonic impact, is it because of the way the scene is written, or because one of the actors, perhaps, has a supremely fine sense of timing his lines in such a way as to increase suspense and heighten climax.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of a polo enthusiast if, after a particularly expert game, his fair companion turns to him with some such remark as, "Of course I don't know why I liked it, but I did like the game immensely. I think the players' uniforms are just too chic for words!" Yet thousands of people pour out of playhouses every night, utterly content to say, "I don't know why I liked it, but it was a wonderful play." They do not realize that they are missing four-fifths of the fun of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theatre, four-fifths of that eager enthusiasm and fine curiosity which constitute the true amateur spirit in sport, in art, in literature, in travel or what you will. If the play critic (whom we have assumed to be a true amateur himself) can impart even a small segment of his own interest in and enthusiasm for the fine points of the theatre, using them to explain why certain plays carry the full magic of illusion and why others do not, then he is performing the second part of his chief reason for existence. He is also, as I have hinted, approaching that sense of justice on which the constructive value of all criticism depends. Actors should not be blamed for poorly written lines, nor for carrying out explicit instructions of the stage director. On the other hand, the playwright should not receive all the laurels for a play which really lives only through the artistry of a particularly fine cast. There are also many cases of extraordinarily beautiful acting for which the director alone is responsible. An intelligent apportionment of praise can go very far toward improving the whole production standard of the stage.

To return to the baseball analogy, it is something to know whether a poorly pitched game was saved by expert fielding and good offensive batting. The whole morale of the home team is strengthened by intelligent sports reporting of this sort. The people of the stage are not above a sensitive and appreciative response to the same effort at fairness.

Probably the most delicate part of the critic's business, however, is the effort to establish a balance between the inherent merits of a play as a developed theme and as a bit of technical work. It is one of the favorite fallacies of the day to assume that art and ethics have nothing to do with one another—that, except in cases of atrociously bad "taste," the inherent character of a play lies outside the scope of critical discussion. To make a rather crude comparison, this is very much as if one were to say that a restaurant may serve tainted meat, provided only it is so well cooked and covered with such a delicious sauce that the palate cannot detect the taint. In the last few years, the perfumes of Arabia have been lavishly applied to many a theatrical damned spot. The critic, I believe, has not only a right but the positive duty to talk frankly about those spots. He runs the chance, of course, of being called a prude by one group and a very lax moralist by another, and, since he can most assuredly never hope to be infallible, there is apt to be some truth in both charges during the course of a long season. But if he cannot muster the courage to run this chance, he had better not attempt the job of honest play criticism.

The critic's obligation on this point becomes doubly clear if we look at it from artistic grounds as well as ethical ones—if we discover, that is, how inseparable art and ethics really are. Art is merely one channel through which we try to satisfy the human hunger for truth. Unless there is a veritable passion for truth in art, it rapidly degenerates into sheer artifice. And the search for truth and its finest expression can no more be separated from ethical standards than numbers can be separated from arithmetic. When the poet strives for beauty, his intuition must first guide him toward the abstract ideal of beauty, toward that truth which, to him, holds the answer to his quest. When he tests that truth by his judgment, he is, in the very nature of things, applying an ethical standard. The critic, too, then, is trying to appraise beauty itself when he applies his own ethical standards to a work of the theatre. His standards may be right or wrong, but he is simply evading the ultimate importance of all art if he refuses to make the effort to apply them. He is stopping short at artifice and refusing to come to grips with art.

COMMUNICATIONS

TANGLED THINKERS OF TODAY

Wilmette, Ill.

TO the Editor: Your leader of April 22, entitled "Tangled Towers of Today," so irresistibly suggested the above title, that I am yielding to the impulse to use it. To my mind, it aptly characterizes much of the material you quote in that editorial in your review of the architectural controversy between Professor Hudnut and Mr. Cram, which appeared in the *Columbia University Quarterly*.

You write: "Controversies about architecture can only be justly estimated by those who have the technical training requisite to understand the underlying principles involved." While it is probably not necessary for me to stress the point of my ability to argue on questions of architecture, and its modern development, it is not perhaps unfitting for me to state that the twenty years I have devoted to the effort to develop an indigenous, modern style in architecture, has seen the gradual approach of the architectural profession to the position I held during those years. Of late, the movement of the architects toward the ideal of a creative, modern architecture has attained such proportions that, to the few of us who labored in isolation over many years, there has come a hope for a better future in architecture.

In spite of my adherence to the theory that there cannot be anything worthy of the name of architecture that is not indigenous, contemporary and creative, I must say, in view of conditions, that I hold no brief for much of the so-called modernism. Bad design is bad design, whether perpetuated in Gothic or in New York's rendering of the Paris Moderne. It can be said, however, that there is quite as much bad Gothic as there is bad modern design. Neither the profession of Mr. Cram's artistic philosophy nor the progressive intentions of the architectural brokers of European modern design, can make artists out of men when lack of talent and sincerity render that transformation an impossibility. Vital architecture must be the work of a vital personality, with this qualifying condition, that such architecture assemble within itself elements from contemporary life and link them to factors that are universal and timeless. Universal and timeless factors constitute the real tradition of architecture. This tradition has nothing to do with one style of architecture more than another, whether it be what Mr. Cram has called Christian architecture, or what he might call pagan. Neither has this tradition anything to do with religion or philosophy, except as such religion or philosophy inculcates a regard for truth and sincerity, both of which qualities are elemental in architecture.

The tradition to which each great, genuine architecture of the past has held is this: that out of structure and function shall be formed architecture. The weakness of Mr. Cram's position does not arise from any lack of designing talent, for certain of his buildings reveal a genuine ability in design, notably Calvary Church in Pittsburgh. This talent exists even though its result, tested by the tradition of architecture, is still not architecture. His weakness lies elsewhere. There is more than a suggestion that he is the victim of his writing ability. Having a preferred architectural style, the Gothic, he has brought to it, in written defense, such diverse and separate things as his religious and social ideas, and has sought to make them serve it.

This method of justifying one idea by another unrelated idea is not unusual. To the public, such a proceeding is acceptable because the general lack of specific knowledge prevents the gaps in the logic of such a presentation from becoming too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evident. In addition, such a presentation, combined with a flair for literary expression, creates a vogue for ideas that are without logical basis. Mr. Cram has had a large following among architects. Due to his influence, we have been Gothicized to an extraordinary degree. Every type of building, from schoolhouse to office building, not only has shown a response to his ideas, but in most instances reflects his personal handling of Gothic forms. With the change in architectural manner that is now definitely with us, Mr. Cram's influence shows signs of lessening. The lessening cannot be prevented by arguments which seek to identify his purpose with religious or social causes, as the editorial in question seems to do.

As a follower of a school stemming from notable designers in England, Mr. Cram is a prominent figure. The decline of this architectural influence is due to the fact that what he sought to establish lacked architectural reasonableness. His theory occupied itself with forms of past architecture, rather than with the truth underlying such forms, and it is this truth, constant in all architecture, to which we must return; not to any dead style.

BARRY BYRNE.

BATS IN THE BELFRY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your pages are so interesting and helpful that I write to inquire whether any reader can give an answer to these problems:

Is there any way of making choir boys and girls stop playing the organ at the same time I am playing it during services? These occasional squeaks must be annoying to the congregation. Secondly, is there any way of keeping choir children quiet enough before services so that the congregation will not keep looking up to the choir-loft? I suppose they expect it to fall any minute the way my children act. Thirdly, is there any antidote for the way my knees shake and heart beats when these things occur? Fourthly, is there any way to prevent screws, pieces of toys, etc., being thrown down on the heads of the congregation?

Please don't just answer, "Scold them," "Shake them, "Make examples of separate cases," "Reason with them," as I've tried all those. And please don't suggest talking to the parents, as that's been done, publicly and privately.

ORGANIST.

PAPAL ENCYCLICALS

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor: It may be of interest to many to know that all papal encyclicals are published, as written, in Latin and translated into Italian, English, French, German, Spanish and I believe into almost all, if not all, other modern languages, by the Tipografia Polëglotta Vaticana, Vatican City. These are the authorized translations and are beautifully presented. They are better in every way than the poor editions brought out by I don't know whom, and sold in the Catholic book shops. I believe I paid two lire, fifty centesimi, for each copy of an encyclical.

One can obtain both recent and earlier encyclicals. If a large quantity should be desired I don't know how long it might take to get them. I think that the Catholic libraries in the different countries should have standing orders always awaiting the new encyclicals, so they could be had promptly by the Catholic public.

M. P. SUMNER.

TEN IMMORTAL TUNES

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: The interesting article of Frances Boardman on "Ten Immortal Tunes," in your issue of May 6, will, no doubt, attract much attention.

No individual, or chosen jury for that matter, ever made a selection of the "best" of anything, or compiled an anthology to suit everybody, so I am not going to take exception to Miss Boardman's ten best tunes; but some of her selections and comments afford ground for conjecture, and, perhaps, suggestion.

Miss Boardman's statement that she had considered "The Minstrel Boy," amongst others, in selecting the ten, gives rise to the conjecture whether other classic Irish airs were considered, so many of which are greatly superior in intensity of feeling to "The Minstrel Boy," Take one, for instance, called the "Londonderry Air," given vogue in this country by Madam Schumann-Heink, who sang to it Grave's words entitled "Emer's Farewell to Cuchalain," and which is also heard under the title "Danny Boy"—passable words enough, but quite inadequate to express the richness of the melody—but rarely heard with the wonderfully passionate words of the late Katharine Tynan, "Would God I were a tender apple blossom."

Many consider this the greatest of all the Irish classics, and certainly it complies with one of the essentials prescribed by Miss Boardman for immortality, in the ability to "stand alone." It came down to us through the centuries not only without orchestrations but without words, save the Gaelic words which some lonely souls, as unknown as the composer of the immortal air himself, sang to it long ago. In some way it escaped the harp of Thomas Moore, who gave new words and life to so many of the old melodies, but still it lived on. It is tempting to conjure what sort of man the unknown bardic composer was, and what was in his soul when he gave forth those strains, not quite tragic yet so deeply emotional, so sweeping in their range of feeling.

Mozart I think it was, who said that melody marks genius, other compositions, talent. If so, here is the evidence of pure genius, which so appreciative a lover of music as Miss Boardman would surely enjoy.

WILLIAM J. BALFE.

Camden, S. C.

TO the Editor: Frances Boardman, in "Ten Immortal Tunes," says: "I believe too that a little child taught each one of them with sympathy and intelligence would thereby acquire an all but impregnable base for the subsequent development of sound musical taste."

Why not help that "development" by having the "Ten Immortal Tunes" printed under one cover—the only way in which an ordinary mortal could find them at one and the same time? Then we all could rejoice and the child have the benefit.

R. S. FARRELLY.

GOOD TASTE IN LETTERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I hope the readers of THE COMMONWEAL will not be offended if I remark upon the acrid tone of the letters in its "Communications" columns. One does not convince one's opponent by answering with asperity—on the contrary, you give a wound which is not easily healed. I seldom read a letter written by a Catholic, that is distinguished by a spirit of charity, or in good taste.

ALICE WARREN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEHAVIOR DURING MASS

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A New England colonial institution that would be valuable in the Catholic Church today is the beadle. What beadle, stationed today in the rear of one of our crowded city churches, would not head off the worshipers speeding toward the outdoors before the priest who has offered what those in attendance must believe is the most solemn of sacrifices, has had opportunity to complete his preparations for leaving the altar where this event has taken place? What beadle would permit the easy camaraderie that girls and youth, not elsewhere especially convivial, revel in while the Mass is going on?

One will never cease to wonder at the wretched manners practised by Catholics concurrently with their religion. The courtesy of arriving on time for the Mass (put it for the moment on the plane of courtesy to the priest, and ignore the greater meaning of the ceremony) is small part of Catholic manners, as observed. The courtesy of standing respectfully in attendance until the officiating priest shall have left the altar at the end of Mass, a deference which anyone would show to a minor speaker at an unimportant dinner, is quite unknown in many Catholic churches.

The courtesy of silence when others are engaged in exercises that should command all of the attention that can be brought to bear, has never been learned by many a Catholic. If the church be crowded, quips pass between some careless worshipers standing slackly at the back of the church. The ease and freedom of those content to pop in and out, with never a thought of their errand, save possibly during the Elevation, might ordinarily be a source for statesmen to study how to foster the real happiness of the common man. And the much more dispiriting thought occurs that so far as this group goes, one's Protestant friends are right when they claim that there are Catholics who attend Mass out of a superstitious belief that unless they do attend something will happen to them.

A minor annoyance is the manner in which many a worshiper enters a pew perhaps already near its cargo limit. Often the first intimation that one kneeling or sitting in the pew has, is when a beefy posterior is thrust brusquely at him, a sturdy warning to make room for it and its corporeal annexes. The classic approach is quite in the subway manner, without even the show of courtesy common to the better theatres.

The writer knows of a parish in Vermont—large for that region where Catholics are as scarce as millionaires—where under a kindly and easy-going old priest part of the congregation had got into the habit of shuffling out of church before the priest had left the altar. When there was a change in incumbents the new rector insisted that his office be extended common courtesy, requiring that the congregation remain standing in their places until he had passed into the vestry. He made the ruling with that sternness that one likes to remember as having been associated with a thousand kindly acts, and it was observed. That was in 1915, and Father S. no longer has that parish; but the parish manners remain, his gift to his successor.

One hopes that some time priests everywhere will insist that the conduct of their congregations toward their Master and toward His minister in the performance of his office, shall at least equal the standard of manners to be found in the better-class fraternal order.

FRANCIS H. HORAN.

The title page and index of Volume XIII of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready, and will be sent upon request.*

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 34th St.
Tel: MUrray Hill 2-7000

Gentlemen's Outfitters

White Ground Cravats

The trend toward white grounds for striped and figured neckwear is already marked among well-dressed men. Altman makes the first comprehensive showing of these stunning new effects — smart club stripes, spaced figures against white or ivory grounds have been developed for us in beautifully tying materials.

Especially good style is shown through combining these new ties with shirts of plain coloring — blue, grey, tan.

"Seaspun" a tropical weight fabric made of pure silk, is also being featured in Altman Neckwear for early Summer.

These Smart New Ties Are Variously Priced

$1.50 and $2

MEN'S NECKWEAR
FIRST FLOOR

Altman Suburban Stores

Altman-Westchester
White Plains, N. Y.

Altman-New Jersey
East Orange, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Nation and World

International Community and the Right of War, by Luigi Sturzo. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $3.00

THE AUTHOR, a Catholic priest, was a professor of political economy and philosophy, then mayor of Caltagirone and afterward secretary of the Italian Azione Cattolica and founder of the Popular party, remaining its efficient secretary until Fascism in its triumph brought about the dissolution of the party and his own exile.

Part one of the present volume, dealing with the formation and development of an international community, opens with the contention that society is an organism and cannot be static. Mankind has changed, is changing and will continue to change. This perpetual change is considered as progress. Indeed all social reforms or changes, which are but the expression of ideas, indicate plainly the perpetual flux of human thoughts.

Just as our ancestors could not have foreseen the emergence of any of the social or political developments which we today accept as social and political, if not economic, axioms, so equally we of this twentieth century are unable to visualize the town and its government of the future. Some even now realize that the system of electing persons to offices is somewhat dangerous in results, and may be leading us back to a plan under which a selection committee or group of prominent citizens will perform the functions of selecting the actual officials, or give all powers into the hands of a single town manager.

It may be true, as Professor A. V. Dicey writes in his book, "Law and Public Opinion," that the nineteenth and twentieth centuries drifted from individualism to Socialism and thence to Communism. But this had its limitations in the idea of the sovereign state. Once the sovereign state forms part of an international community of states there will be recognized the interdependence of civilized states on each other, just as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries realized the smaller postulate of the interdependence of man upon man, village on village.

It was this acknowledged individual interdependence which created the hospitals, the poorhouses, the social welfare movements, and gave judicial form to these ideals. Obviously, what is at first but optional may ultimately become customary, and custom slowly but definitely hardens into law. Down the ages man has been subject to the effects of his efforts and plans. The feudal castle was the refuge from marauding and plundering barons. This refuge at first was suitable and effective, but as armaments grew in offensive powers the castle became a trap, from which escape was futile.

Walled cities remained for centuries the refuge of still larger areas, till besieging forces learned how to overpower even these apparently impregnable fortresses. This was the eternal fight between the powers of offense and defense. The development of the submarine has largely undermined the apparently supreme battleship.

Thus has man sought for security of home, of city, of state, only to find that the price of security is sleepless wisdom and unwearying watching.

Parts two and three of the book examine the causes and nature of war, and part four deals with its possible elimination. Stripped of fancy names, war means the right to settle a dispute between states by armed force, in the hope of compelling one state to do as the other thinks it should. If we postulate that civilization is organization, we equally postulate that organization carries with it the idea of the rationalization of force, and that force is no ultimate remedy. Should this be accepted, then war is contingent—war becomes a usage, not an absolute right. But still the demand by the individual is for security of life, of home, of family, of property, and what the individual demands, nations demand. To insure the rights of the individuals the state created law courts and police. Can this idea be used between nations—between continents? Until humanity changes its methods of living and ceases from tongue wars, gossip wars, how is it possible for man in the mass to cease from propaganda wars—rumor wars?

So long as man demands security, so long as nations demand security, the idealists will require undimmed patience and its sister virtue, indestructible faith. If a race of pioneers preaching that the love of man means service to man, for man by man, arises and turns man's mind from national to world conceptions of life, then, and only then, the elimination of war may advance more rationally and, possibly, more quickly. This process of conversion will undoubtedly be accelerated by Father Sturzo's book, which is as thoughful and powerful as it is persuasive.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Mediaevalism in Summary

The Middle Ages, by James Westfall Thompson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $12.50.

Guide to the Study of Mediaeval History, by Louis John Paetow. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $6.00.

THERE are evident reasons why studying the middle ages is almost a popular American cultural pastime. Our civilization, romantic in essence, has always sought inspiration in the several Gothic quests. Quite independently of the influence of Sir Walter—which has named hundreds of otherwise drab city streets and which may even yet be dictating architectural motifs at Yale—there exists no little evidence to show that, when American contemplative psychology has been most probing, its kinship with mediaeval conceptions of the soul has been clear. At any rate, the interest abides and the fruit may be abundant.

Professor Thompson's two-volume summary is in many respects the most valuable compendium to have been written in English. Indeed, I shall be bold and say that no general volume published anywhere seems to equal it, excepting possibly one or two which have appeared in series. The obvious virtues are a sense of composition which arranges a vast material without sacrificing too much of feeling for actual historical rhythm to the conveniences of classification, a robust style which handles its dialectic tasks with vigor, and that impatience with fantasy which may discourage the poet but must delight anybody who, with Ranke, would like to find out how things really were. The occasional quirks to which such a temperament is naturally subject ought not to blind us to the important fact—that the service rendered by Thompson to mediaeval study is very much like that rendered by Chambers to Shakespearian investigation. If in both cases a real thing becomes vastly more important than a theory, somewhat to the disadvantage of speculative and sometimes clarifying hypothesis, we do profit immensely by the sense of solid ground.

"The modern world," says our author in his introduction, "is held together by political and economic solidarity. The mediaeval world was held together by the cohesive forces (and they were not of a material nature) inherent in feudalism and the pervasive influence and authority of the Church. Both forces were universal in their application and penetration. Since the loss of these unifying agencies which were so vivid in mediaeval society, Europe has ever since been endeavoring to discover

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new elements of unity in the discord—national, religious and economic—which divides it, to acquire stability amid universal instability, to establish justice and liberty under new conditions, to devise a new public law that shall embody the new society, the new economy, the new ideas and forms of government. Has Europe succeeded?" That is the proper starting-point for a review of mediaeval history: first, to see what goal the men of that time had set for themselves, and thus to approach an understanding of their motives; second, to realize that their search was fundamentally no different from our own, or aloof from the purposes to which mankind is pledged, and in a measure doomed.

For there is no doubting that the middle ages, seen in retrospect, are what one might term hard-boiled. Very human people were fighting for what they wanted, though in the end they got as near to victory collectively as the race has ever come. Professor Thompson does not see ruins by moonlight. Though he tells us that "the violence prevailing in the middle ages has been grossly exaggerated," the picture he sketches is not a whit more placid than our own harassed era. There enter at once, after the long continued anemia of the Roman Empire (charted here with unusual objectivity), the array of forces which would produce a new society: the Church, the Germanic world (handled here with an attentiveness which makes one wonder what was wrong with previous American historians), feudal institutions, Byzantium (regarding which our author might have said more, though he says enough to abolish a good deal of ignorance—if such a thing can be abolished), and the new economic currents. Volume I is chiefly concerned with straight historical narrative. Volume II interjects a long digression anent the humanistic achievements of the middle ages. Perhaps the most graphic chapter of all is that devoted to the common people, though I venture to believe that Professor Thompson's theory that capitalism had its origin in the trade guilds is too simple. In short, this is a history of the achievements and life of the age as well as of the events of the age.

In adjudging the spirit in which this book was written it may suffice to review the treatment accorded to the Church. Here a sensitive spirit, nurtured on Kenelm Digby and Montalembert, is likely to feel he has been spared nothing. It is always obvious, to be sure, that Professor Thompson is by no means indifferent to supernatural values and motifs (notice in particular his treatment of the Dominicans, of monastic education and research, of Jeanne d'Arc). But he is much too much a humanist to avoid what seems to me a perilous mistake—setting a far higher value on the religious achievement of the late middle ages than upon that of the Romanesque time. In the earlier part of his narrative he follows Harnack and Duchesne almost exclusively, there being—unless I am guilty of an unwitting oversight—no reference to the standard Catholic historians of the Papacy. That he should be a resolute and unflinching critic of Rome's temporal power is, no doubt, to be excused. That he should be more than a little distrustful of the motives of Gregory VII is also understandable. But I am afraid he badly underestimates the true significance of the mystical forces operative in the Church of the "dark centuries"—forces the influence of which upon such manifestations as art has recently been getting so much attention from men as competent as Dehio and Zeigler. After all, this is the vital fact, one thinks—not the parry and thrust of papal politics against feudal or imperial politics, but the abiding fervor of a strange thing termed sanctity.

But I have said before and repeat now that nothing can be better for us than getting rid of exaggerated romantic notions of what the middle ages were. Owing to a personal affliction

CAMP GIBBONS
BRANT LAKE NEW YORK

In the Adirondack Mountains — *A Summer Camp for Boys*

Distinctive... because it combines features and provides advantages presented by no other summer camp for boys.

Modern... in its new and scientifically constructed cottages ... in its complete equipment ... in its hygienic appointments.

Purposeful... With the conscientious direction of an experienced camp master and under the guidance of carefully selected Catholic counsellors, the boy at CAMP GIBBONS learns the principles and practice of the *fine art of true Christian manliness.*

For prospectus and information apply to:

Rev. Edward J. Maginn, Chancellor
225 MADISON AVENUE ALBANY, N. Y.

Spring is afoot!

FEET, correctly fitted, always tread the paths of Springtime! Poise keeps company. Made to be fitted exactly, your PEDIFORME SHOE is repeated (by number) year after year in all the changing styles. Write for Pediforme Portfolio E—with measuring instructions for those at a distance.

New York . . 36 West 36th St.
Brooklyn . 322 Livingston St.
Bronx . . . 2474 Morris Ave.
New Rochelle . 275 North Ave.
East Orange, 29 Washington Pl.

Pediforme

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BIRTH RATE, by J. Elliot Ross, is a keen analysis of the facts that the Catholic birth rate is 91 percent higher than the general birth rate, and allowing for this difference of the Catholic birth rate, that the excess of births over deaths among Catholics is four and a half times the general excess of births over deaths, together with a startling qualifying phenomenon which the writer suggests accounts for the Catholicizing of the United States not being more rapid than it is . . . . WAR GUILT AND THE VERSAILLES TREATY, by Canon Ernest Dimnet, continues a discussion of a most delicate question which, as a fundamental irritant, probably constitutes one of the greatest divisions between peoples and potentials of another armed conflict. . . . MYSTERIOUS MIXTECA, by John Newman Page, tells of a colorful and extraordinary region twice the size of the state of Connecticut, untouched by railroads at any point and about to have its first motor road in the Pan-American Highway, which will make it accessible to the visitor from the United States. . . . THESE NEUROTIC HEROINES, by Katherine Brégy, is an incisive dissection of some characters of recent fiction that have been widely observed, if not admired. . . . HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE, by John K. Ryan, sounds a clarion call to peace and ruthlessly exposes the brutality and madness of modern warfare. . . . TWO WEST INDIANS, by Vincent Engels, tells of the dreams of two men in a world which trembling in the heat waves in the dazzling tropic sunshine seems itself, like the city of Camelot, more dreamed than real. . . . THE END OF AN AGE, by James W. Lane, which most urbanely suggests the signs of the end of the age of jazz and the prospects of a new era, has been held over from this week until next week.

with these notions, I can offer my own humble testimony. From a religious point of view it would seem that believing a society which culminated in the fifteenth century had amassed all virtues must imply a quite erroneous reading of man's nature and tragedy. Well, to many readers Professor Thompson's book will appear a quite drastic eliminant of pleasant historical visions. Nevertheless, I fail to see how it could inject into minds at all prepared for the reading of history anything faintly resembling a nightmare. This story, so vast, so complicated, so significant, has never been told with greater integrity.

Meanwhile an addendum is in order. Mr. Crofts, to whom we are indebted for many unusually good texts, has just brought out a reissue of Professor Paetow's indispensable "Guide to the Study of Mediaeval History." The author, whose loss was in every sense a heavy one, prepared this work for the Mediaeval Academy some years before his death; and so widely was it sought after that an up-to-date and more readily available edition was imperative. Competent authors have been entrusted with the revision, which is on the whole first-rate. Even so one does miss a few good books—for instance, Dvorak's masterly essays on mediaeval art. Professor Paetow's book will be prized wherever the middle ages are studied.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

An English Martyr

Sir William Howard Viscount Stafford (1612-1680), by S.N.D., with a Preface by C. A. Newdigate, S.J. London: Sands and Company.

THIS sketch of Viscount Stafford is more than a brief for his beatification which has since taken place along with that of some two hundred and fifty other Englishmen who died for the faith of their ancestors as martyrs or as "traitors" in trumped-up plots. It is more than an eulogy of Stafford It is more than pious reading for old English Catholics of the aristocracy, the gentry and the commonalty who retained the Faith through the era of the Protestant revolt, through the Stuart convulsions and through the desperate penal days, despite killings, martyrdoms, fines for recusancy, dispossessions, political disabilities and social ostracism. It is a book which will thrill the ever-growing Catholic minority of the present day. It is a refutation of the High Church theory of history. It may teach scientific historians that persecution on the English side of the Channel cannot be glossed over when the Edict of Nantes is stressed. It will supplement current knowledge of the so-called Popish Plot which few historians, even though strongly sectarian, now regard as more than an artificial plot in the interest of the Whig party, Shaftesbury's ambitions, and the exclusion of the Catholic Duke of York from his right to the throne.

The authoress is as detached as can be expected in her treatment of a period where, despite the lapse of generations, partizanship is still keen. At best the historian is often only studiously dispassionate. She has read thoroughly in contemporary literature and digested the sources, including Stafford's papers and unpublished documents in the possession of his descendant, Sir Henry Jerningham. She has made no mean compilation of obvious facts, but in the words of Father Newdigate she has contributed "a useful help to history because of the light it throws on some of the less-explored and ill-lit byways of the later seventeenth century; as well as a faithful representation of the life of an English gentleman, hitherto too little known, who by a noble death shed luster on a very ignoble age."

There is an excellent survey of the Howard family's contribution to national glory, of the life of the Catholic gentry,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Stuart years, of the political intrigues of Clarendon, Danby and Shaftesbury, of the career of Titus Oates and his fellow-perjurers, of the Oatesian Plot and of the sacrifice of Stafford for treason after a most unfair trial, in which subsidized witnesses swore away his life. Charles II as ever appears weak and a victim of circumstances as he signs the death warrant of his loyal subject, Stafford, as though he were a traitor who would kill his sovereign. There is a striking similarity in the event of forty years past, when his father, Charles I, allowed Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stratford, to die. Stafford was not great as a soldier or as a statesman, but he made a splendid defense of Catholic loyalty against charges of divided allegiance (which passed current in this country in the last presidential election) and of such foul plots as even the plague or the great fire of London. There is a touch of Sir Thomas More in the last hours of the aged Stafford as he went to death —the last victim of the Popish Plot which played out as a political plank as fanaticism gave way before an inherent English respect for justice and regard for a constitution.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Bliss through Research

Hard Times—The Way In and the Way Out, by Richard T. Ely. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A SUPPLEMENTARY subtitle describes this little book as a program for action based on research. Indeed the word "research" occurs with such frequency as to suggest that industrial depressions and their causes have not only not been sufficiently studied and investigated, but that adequate study and research would provide us with a vastly greater amount of information than we now have. One may be permitted to consider this view with a great deal of scepticism. Professor Ely has great faith in research, but he fails to give definite or convincing reasons for this faith. On the other hand, his treatment of the most generally accepted explanation of hard times, namely overproduction or underconsumption, manifests a lack of comprehensive thinking on that particular explanation. He admits the necessity of adjusting consumption to production but refuses to accept either higher wages or shorter hours as an adequate method. He declares that with higher wages "a great many will lose their jobs."

This seems to be a bit superficial. To be sure, that would happen if only one or a few employers increased wages to a considerable extent, but if the increase took place in all industries, at substantially the same time, there is reason to think that the increased purchasing power of the workers would cause an increase in the demand for both goods and labor and that employment would be expanded instead of diminished. Professor Ely's objections to a shorter work week or work day are equally inadequate. The same is true of his observations on instalment purchasing, on saving and spending and on shifting labor and capital from certain overcrowded industries.

It is refreshing, however, to have him disagree with the complacent assumption that if displaced laborers all get reëmployment "in the long run" there is not much to worry about. Worthy of commendation too is his observation that a good deal of our economic troubles depend upon lack of discipline; that "most of us are brought up in cities and it is difficult to provide that discipline of life which our present industrial leaders have so generally enjoyed. Parents try to devise substitutes for what the farm has given in the past, but this is difficult as fathers and mothers only too well know."

JOHN A. RYAN.

NEWMAN SCHOOL

Lakewood—New Jersey

Prepares boys for all leading colleges and universities. Upper and Lower School. Directed by Catholic laymen. Resident Chaplain.

For Information Address

W. GRIFFIN KELLEY, *Headmaster*

MORTGAGES BONDS NOTES

OF

CATHOLIC CHURCHES

AND INSTITUTIONS

FULL INFORMATION UPON REQUEST

Daniel O'Connell's Company
Incorporated
580 Fifth Avenue
New York

BUFFALO
LIBERTY BANK BUILDING

DUBLIN
34 KILDARE STREET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD
SUFFERN, NEW YORK
Among the Ramapo Hills
Boarding—Day School for Girls
Approved by the University of the State of New York
Grammar—High School Classes—College Preparatory
Address: Rev. Mother Superior

IRISH HAMS AND BACON
Wiltshire Hams and Bacon
German Frankfurters
Westphalian Hams
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

CAMP TIVOLI
The Catholic Boys' Camp
CECIL, WISCONSIN
Swimming under competent Red Cross Examiner. Riding, Tennis, Overnight Hiking, Archery. Leathercraft, Nature Lore, Etc. Modern sanitary equipment. Daily Mass. For boys 8-17. Season June 29th-Aug. 23rd. $25.00 a week, $200.00 a season. Write for Booklet. Rev. M. J. McKeough, O. Praem., Ph.D., Director. St. Norbert College, West De Pere, Wisconsin.

CAMP SAINT JOSEPH
For Your Boy — For Your Girl
Two separate and distinct Camps, situated on the shores of Lake St. Dominic. Modern and complete buildings equipped with electricity and running water. For all land and water sports, up-to-date equipment. Expert instructors. Resident Chaplain. Physician and Nurses. Cuisine under the management of the Sisters of St. Dominic. Rates $200.00 for the season of nine weeks.
Address all communications to:
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Vincent Arcese, Saint Josephs, Sullivan County, New York

Mount Washington Country School for Boys
MOUNT WASHINGTON, MD.
In proximity to Mount Saint Agnes Girls' School is the Mount Washington Country School, the ideal boarding and day school for Boys.
Gymnasium and
Swimming Pool
Cafeteria Service for
Day Pupils
Reservations limited—Boys from Six to Thirteen Years of Age.

Early Diplomacy

Francis Dana: A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great, by W. P. Cresson. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

WILLIAM PENN CRESSON is one of our few "career" diplomats who have taken advantage of the opportunities offered by the service to enrich American historical knowledge. He has a real talent for pen portraits of historical personages which places him very much in the school of our dean of that branch of letters, Gamaliel Bradford. In his new book, drawn largely from unpublished papers of the Dana and Adams families, he covers Dana's whole public life.

In the present transition period of American life, when tradition is rejected by so many who had no part in its making, and so distorted by partizan preferences of those who had, every new light on the beginnings of our evolution is valuable. Aside from Dana's own great, though too little known, contributions to public life in our first national formative period, and aside also from the special episode of the choice of a son of the Puritan commonwealth to live at the most dissolute court of Europe, there are several striking things brought out here.

One of them is the aristocratic quality of early American democracy, the complete antithesis of what is understood today by that word. The Danas and the Adams family who bear the thread of this narrative are classed in America as aristocrats in the best and true sense. They are so accepted anywhere in the world. Yet the ancestors of both families started in the Bay Colony with as few material advantages as anybody. They are striking illustrations of the old American concept that American life should be so constructed as to enable the man who has ability and upholds high standards to develop upward without limitations.

Another point this record brings out is the narrow margin that separated the "Fathers" of the Old Colony from those whom it is still the fashion to execrate as "Tories." We close our eyes to the fact that independence in the sense of separation was not at first their aim. The "Sons of Liberty" were fostered by the "Fathers" at first, among the disorderly elements, to carry out whatever violence seemed necessary to bring the king and his ministers to terms. There is a faint but definite analogy there to what happened later in the French Revolution. Among those disorderly elements the revolution was a real thing, as soon as the notables countenanced their activities even secretly. It was, however, a social revolution against the whole colonial structure. It was sympathetic to Wilkes's London riots; it continued steadily onward in America after Wilkes's movement had died down in the metropolis, and is not yet complete. That is a thread of American history which is not often followed through in our text-books but is evident in early letters and diaries.

With regard to the incident of Dana's mission to St. Petersburg, the intrigues and misunderstanding by which he was surrounded were tragically like the situation 130 years after—the same struggle which later blinded the clear eye and befogged the keen mind of Lord Carnock. Dana was as innocent of any explanation of it all which he might use to further America's interest as were the ambassadors to Russia when Lenin and Trotzky launched their program during the World War. It was no doubt the isolation in which our earlier envoys were held at the courts of Europe that fathered the isolationist policy which is still so powerful a factor in American sentiment concerning foreign policy.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Social Forces

The Quest for Social Justice, by Harold Underwood Faulkner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THIS volume is one in the very excellent series of histories entitled "A History of American Life," edited by Professors Arthur M. Schlessinger and Dixon Ryan Fox, and designed to give a more intimate view of social facts and forces than is usual in the histories of America. The book is brief, and deals with the quest for social justice during the years 1898 to 1914.

The period was one of almost feverish search for the means of making a better world, and was noted for legislative activities for social justice unequaled in any period in history of similar length. Starting in the days of almost complete laissez-faire, the author brings the story through the stirring times of the Roosevelt administration and well into the most progressive years of this nation—the first half of Wilson's first administration.

The subjects dealt with in separate chapters are: "The Turn of the Century"; "Big Business Grows Bigger"; "The Labor World"; "The New Democracy"; "The Decline of Laissez-Faire"; "The Revolution in Transportation"; "Women in the New Century"; "Children's Rights"; "Religion and Reform"; "Science and Health"; "Sources of Culture"; "The People at Play"; and "The New Frontier." Each subject is treated concisely and the main facts of the period are presented in readable outline. Anyone wishing a short summary of the progressive advance for the sixteen years under review will find no better brief book. The period is well worth intensive study for no other period holds more significance for the future than these formative years of the great social crusade, which still goes on.

The work is necessarily selective, yet one wishes it were more inclusive even at the risk of a much larger volume. Then, too, the subjects break off in the middle. Most of the great social solutions had only emerged in 1914; their test had yet to come. Workmen's compensation for industrial accidents was only three years under way in 1914; it became nation-wide in the few years thereafter. Every social agency was in its merest infancy at the close of this volume.

Despite the brevity of the book, there are some omissions which are hard to understand. How, for instance, could a social history of the years 1898 to 1914 be written without once mentioning Jane Addams or her work? How could the White House Children's Conference of 1908 and the Federal Children's Bureau established in 1910 have been omitted from the chapter on children's rights? How could a chapter on education be complete without reference to the successful beginnings of vocational education which culminated in the Federal Commission of 1914? One searches also in vain for a discussion of minimum-wage laws, of coöperation, and of several other live topics of the period.

The Catholic reader will be somewhat chagrined to find how small a part was played by Catholics, at least according to this record. Two Catholics only are mentioned: Cardinal Gibbons and Father John A. Ryan; and to the latter the reference is merely to an estimate on the cost of living. Tribute to Cardinal Gibbons is paid in these words: "The Church was particularly fortunate in its leader, the scholarly Cardinal Gibbons, whose enthusiasm for the American constitution and endorsement of the separation of Church and State gave a distinctly national trend to the American branch of the Church." At least two other Catholic leaders deserve a place—even in a brief review of social reform in this period—namely, Archbishop John Ireland and Bishop John L. Spalding.

JOHN A. LAPP.

RAVENHILL
GERMANTOWN, PA. Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Religious of the Assumption
College Preparatory and General Courses
Apply to THE REVEREND MOTHER, Academy of the Assumption, School House Lane, Germantown, Pa.

CAMP ON-TI-ORA
IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
Superior Catholic Camp for Girls
All field and water sports. Riding. Highest camping standards. Select membership. Experienced counsellors. Booklet on request.
MISS JOSEPHINE COWHEY
730 Riverside Drive New York, N. Y.

Rosary College
For High School graduates. Excellent equipment, unusual surroundings, interesting campus life.
Modern, fully accredited degree courses—A.B., B.S., in Music and in Library Science.
Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin 30-acre Campus. Junior Year in French Switzerland, optional. Moderate Rates.
Address: Secretary, Box C
River Forest (30 minutes from Chicago) Illinois

ORGANIST
Experienced organist completing two years' work with Marcel Dupré in Paris, desires position in large Catholic Church. Knowledge of Gregorian Chant and capable recitalist.
Hugh McDonald, Box 6, The Commonweal, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

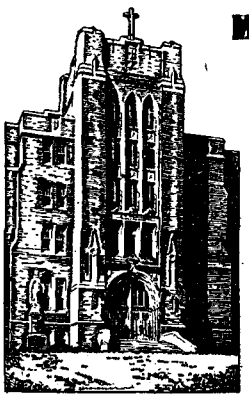
GEORGETOWN VISITATION CONVENT
Washington, D. C.
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
College preparatory and general courses.
Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.
Junior College and secretarial courses.
Accredited by the American Association of Junior Colleges.
Abundance of outdoor life and recreation.
131st Year Address the Sister Directress
1500 35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
EL dorado 5-1058

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue
New York
Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Justine Ward Method — Polyphony — Boy Choir — Theory — Harmony — Counterpoint—Liturgy—Liturgical Singing—Organ—Piano—Violin
SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS JULY 7th—CLOSES AUGUST 14th
Registration Day, July 6th
Registrations will be accepted any time by mail
For further information, address the Secretary—BRadhurst 2-8000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The school that emphasizes character and health in a truly Catholic atmosphere.

Definite preparation for a career in college, business, art, music. Scholastic standards accredited by the University of the State of New York.

Modern fireproof buildings. Sixty-five-acre campus. High altitude.

New gymnasium; athletic field.

Illustrated booklet upon request.

Sisters of St. Dominic

THE PARIS STUDY GROUP

For Women of American Catholic Colleges

Organization affiliated with the Sorbonne and Catholic University of Paris. Accepts graduates and juniors of American Catholic Colleges who major in French. Full credit for junior year given, as well as Sorbonne diplomas and teaching certificates. Courses in French, History, Philosophy, English, Music, etc.

Girls live with best class of French families. Trips to Italy, England, etc., arranged during holidays. Careful supervision of health and general welfare. Cultural activities include weekly sightseeing, excursions, concerts, plays. Special approval by members of the American hierarchy.

For further information address:

PROFESSOR RENÉ SAMSON, McLean, Virginia.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc.

66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street

Largest and Choicest Stock of Good Second-hand and Out-of-Print Books on all Subjects.

Rare, Old and Curious Books.

Fine Sets, Choice Bindings, First Editions.

Americana and Autographs.

Reasonable Prices. Catalog free.

Open until 10 p. m.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Black No More, by George S. Schuyler. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

DR. JUNIUS CROOKMAN, a scientific member "of the race," returns from Europe to Harlem with a machine proved and guaranteed to make his colored brethren white. Max Disher, young, handsome and ambitious, is the first to try the new contraption; he enters Dr. Crookman's sanitarium black and comes out white. In Atlanta, Georgia, he becomes secretary of a society which is putting up a fight for white race integrity, the success of Dr. Crookman's experiment having thrown the whole country into a panic. Eventually he marries the Southern belle who with "I never dance with niggers" had snubbed him once in a Harlem cabaret. The story broadens out into an account of inter-racial controversy and intrigue with persons of Negroid origin in high places, the black face having almost disappeared from the United States. The novel is written with great energy and vigor, and as a wild yarn of undaunted fancy and improbabilities it is decidedly entertaining. But purporting, as it does, to portray "the high comedy of the American color question," it misses fire because the satire is laid on too heavily to be effective.

Paul Gaugin, the Calm Madman, by Beril Becker. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.50.

TWO FIRST-CLASS writers, though not really top-notchers —Maurois and Lytton Strachey—have occasioned a plague of second- and third-rate biographies, in their manner of writing biography, that may be suspected of seriously debauching the intellect. Maurois made some pretense of authenticating his material and did not assume to put words into the mouths of his real characters that they had never spoken. Strachey allowed himself further liberties. Those following after them have made the genre into a "hurrah's" nest, if that may be allowed to mean almost anything strange and fanciful. So of this latest pseudo-biography of Gaugin. It has a sort of passionate partizanship that no doubt will appeal passionately to those who share the writer's romantic idea of the artist as a creature free from the responsibilities of the ordinary citizen and persecuted by a stupid world because he suffers for the peculiar liberties he allows himself. This is a subversive doctrine of the mauve decade that persists with amazing general acceptance. It is responsible for a great deal of freakishness, boring talk and wrecked lives, all very remote from art.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. T. O'R. BOYLE is professor of social ethics at St. Michael's College, Toronto, Canada.

REV. FRED SMITH, a Congregational minister, writes articles for current periodicals.

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., was until recently with the Washington Bureau of the New York *World*.

KENTON KILMER, son of the late Joyce Kilmer, is studying for his M. A. at Georgetown University.

ANNA KELLY, an active Sinn Feiner, was formerly associate editor of *An Phoblacht*, and is now on the staff of the Dublin *News*.

REV. JOHN B. MCDONALD is a member of the faculty of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

PADRIAC COLUM, an Irish poet, is the author of many books, of which the latest are "Orpheus," "Old Pastures" and "Cross Roads in Ireland."

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER is a journalist and lecturer and the author of "Anchor Poems."

BOYD-CARPENTER, a writer on European politics, is attached to the faculty of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University.

RICHARD J. PURCELL is professor of history in the Catholic University of America

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of "A Living Wage" and "Social Reconstruction."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service, is an authority on international affairs.

JOHN A. LAPP is the dean of the School of Social Service of Marquette University and the author of "Our America" and many other books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED